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MARCH 4, 1983

...F. Buckley Jr.'s
OPEC, R.I.P.
—see page 276

NATIONAL REVIEW

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TARIFFS?

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JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK ON THE LEGAL SERVICES CORPORATION

ROBERT NOVAK AT THE 'CATTLE SHOW' IN CALIFORNIA

ALSO: FRANCIS RANDALL • ELLEN WILSON • WLADYSLAW PLESZCZYNSKI

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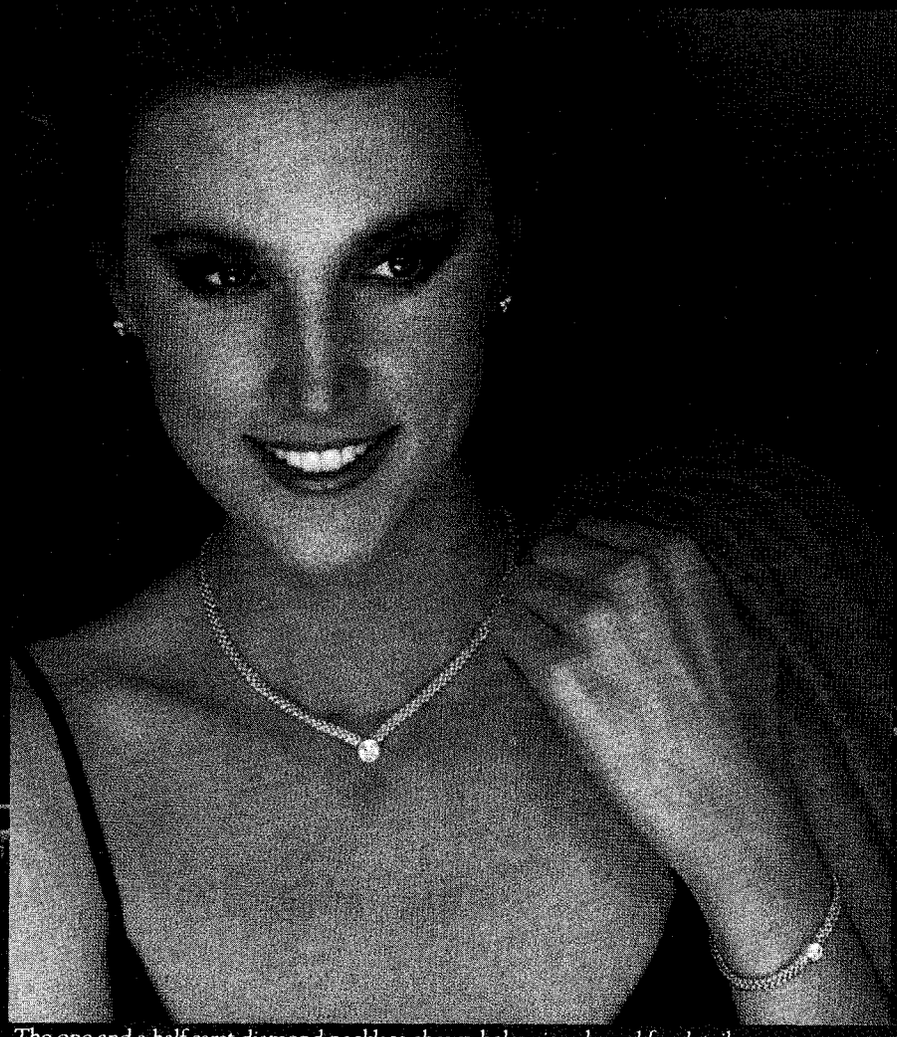

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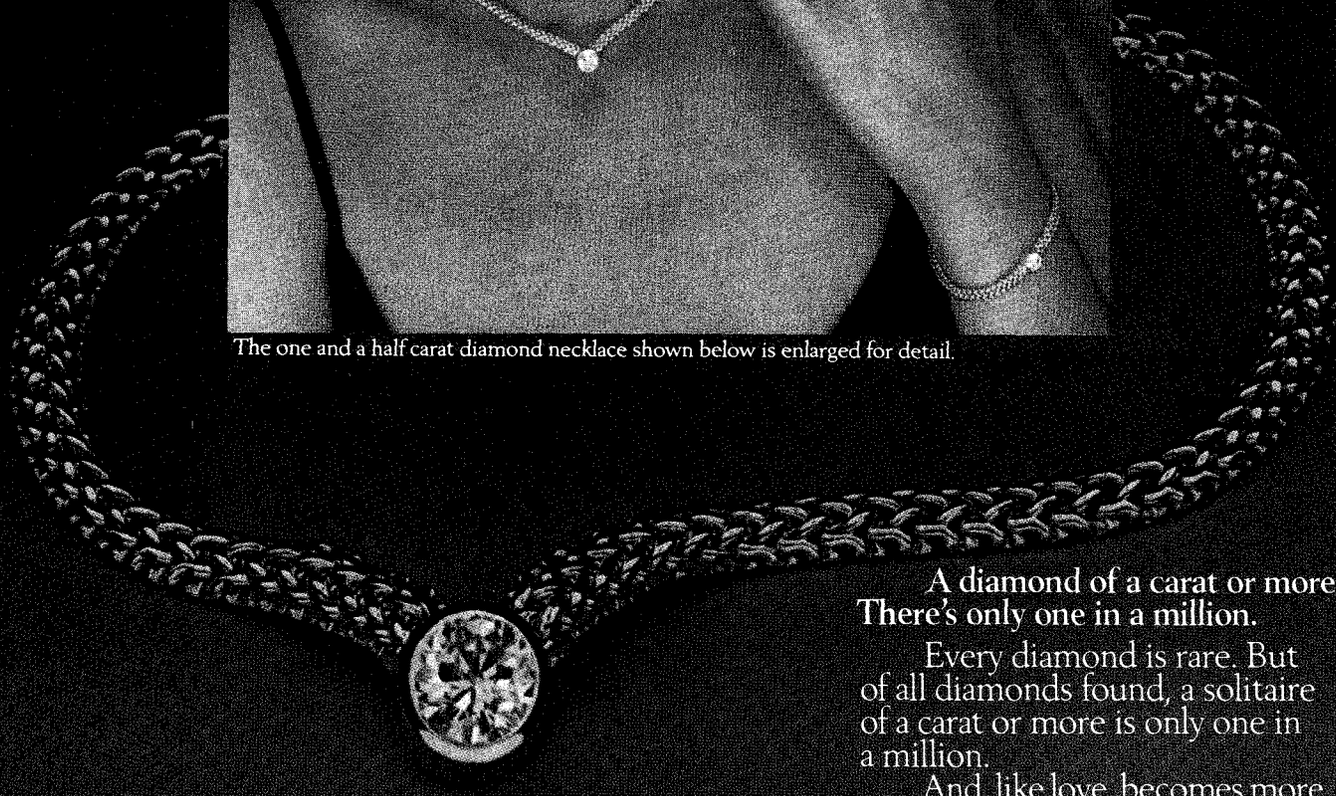

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A diamond is forever. De Beers.

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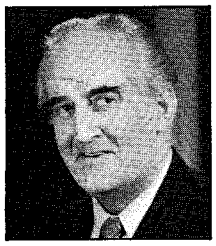
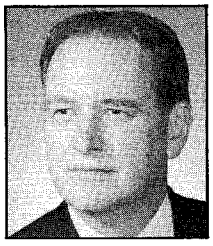
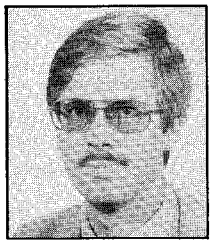


CROZIER
Page 238



HARRIGAN
Page 240



OLSON
Page 248

KILPATRICK
Page 253

R. NOVAK
Page 258

RANDALL
Page 262

Tariffs

240 Needed: A Strategic Economic Policy
Our Japanese "trading partners" are playing by some funny rules: they export state-produced goods to us, make our privately produced goods virtually unimportable, and let us pay for their defense. Isn't it time we questioned the ideology of free trade?
Anthony Harrigan

248 Don't Slam the Door
The secret of Japanese success is not protectionism, but capitalism; and we would only harm ourselves by retaliating with protectionist measures. Besides, the situation is not nearly so bad as it's painted.
Walter Olson

Articles & Columns

235 The Pentagon Battle
A true-blue Reaganite has raised some hard—and hot—questions about defense spending.
John McLaughlin

238 Arms: Drama and Reality
The trouble with disarmament theater is that only one audience gets to watch. *Brian Crozier*

253 Anatomy of a Smear
An early conservative supporter of the Legal Services Corporation registers second thoughts, in light of what it has turned into. *James J. Kilpatrick*

258 The First Cattle Show
As Democrats gathered in Sacramento to denounce Reagan, nuclear madness, and war on the poor, the lineup of hopefuls looked pretty hopeless.
Robert D. Novak

260 Prince-Bishop Economics
Canada's bishops have taken a new interest in economic policy. Why not highway safety, while they're at it? *Michael Novak*

261 January 30, March 6
A fraction of 1 per cent of the voters in the German election may decide the fate of nations.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Books Arts & Manners

262 **Francis B. Randall** compares two views of nuclear diplomacy: George Kennan's and Adam Ulam's. . . . Hélène Carrère d'Encausse's important study of Soviet rule appeared in Paris three years ago; **Ellen Wilson** welcomes the English translation. . . . In *Courier from Warsaw*, Jan Nowak recalls the Soviet seizure of Poland. **Wladyslaw Pleszczynski** finds it fascinating. . . . **Joseph Sobran** has good words for Alzina Stone Dale's new biography of Chesterton. . . . **D. Keith Mano** is less than scandalized by *Indecent Exposure*. . . . The further adventures of Flashman fill **J. O. Tate** with joy. . . . **John Simon** is nonviolent toward *Gandhi*. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** assays three violinists.

Letters	**216**
For the Record	**223**
The Week	**224**
help	**256**
The Right Books	**272**
On the Right	**276**
Trans-O-Gram	**278**

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Letters

My Brother's Teller

After reading Richard Coulson's analysis of the difficulties of the banking industry ["Banks at the Brink," Feb. 18], it became clear to me that the Pollyanna school of economics has many adherents beyond Capitol Hill. One becomes accustomed to the absurdities of Tip O'Neill, but it is truly disconcerting to hear professional bankers uttering statements that are every bit as absurd as those uttered by professional politicians. "You cannot be in the international business," says Morgan Guaranty's Lewis Preston, "and not have loans to Poland." Really?

The bankers seem to suffer from the same afflictions as the O'Neill gang. They have been playing too long with other people's money.

Susan Smith
Gstaad, Switzerland

Undercover

Great cover on your February 18 issue—the bank robber was most appropriate. However, I wonder if James O'Bryan foresaw that putting Tom Wolfe's name right under the culprit would force an (I hope) unwarrantable association. After all, who else besides Tom Wolfe wears three-piece white suits any more?

Keith Bower
Cincinnati, Ohio

Gross Evil

Thank you for publishing Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's splendid indictment of the Soviet empire ["Communism at the End of the Brezhnev Era," Jan. 21]. It rings true in every respect, despite CIA reports that might cast doubt on parts of his description. The most disturbing aspect of Solzhenitsyn's attack on the USSR, however, is the fact that so much of what he says applies with equal force, at least in principle, to most of the rest of the world as well: the concentration of power in a hierarchy of the few; the destruction of our God-created natural environment; the insane lust to dominate, manipulate, and control both nature and human nature; the demoralization of the general population; the deliberate suppression, by military force, of every effort at popular liberation. The gross evil of our time defies all labels.

Edward Abbey
Oracle, Ariz.

Calvinism Explicated

In reading Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s "China Over Lightly" [Feb. 4], I was struck by the quotation from James Reston: "I am a Scotch Calvinist. I believe in redemption of the human spirit and the improvement of man." This quotation goes a long way toward explaining Mr. Reston's anfractuous thoughts over the years. I, too, am a Calvinist—though not Scotch—and find his statement nothing if not absurd. No true Calvinist believes in "redemption of the human spirit"; rather, only the predestined—the unconditionally elect—are saved. Therefore, there is *no* generalized redemption for *all* human beings. Secondly, the Calvinist does not believe in the "improvement of man" except for an individual man who is one of the elect. After all, Calvinism is grounded in the concept of total depravity, which precludes improvement—at least in this world.

Thanks go to Mr. Buckley for exposing the theological malaise that serves as a partial basis for Mr. Reston's "thinking." His views are the manifestations of liberalism, not Calvinism; indeed, Calvinism, if filtered through the political lexicon, is conservative, not liberal.

Terrence Neal Brown
Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Buckley's story about China brought back memories of my own trip in 1945.

I disembarked from a naval vessel in the Yellow Sea and took an antiquated railroad to Peking. The impossibly uncomfortable seats WFB endured lead me to believe we rode the same train.

The engineer of my train kept a small leaky steam locomotive going mainly through hope and adhesive tape. Every so often he had to stop because we had run out of track. His armed crew then fixed the tracks and telegraph wires that had been severed by Mao's guerrillas. The procedure, I learned, was severance by night and repairs by day.

Did Mr. Buckley observe human beings pulling heavy barges through a canal by means of slings into which they thrust their bare shoulders? I saw his primitive farms and the distant relatives of his oxen.

In Peking we visited a deserted Forbidden City, emblazoned with a huge banner of the face of Chiang Kai-shek. We rode around in a rickshaw in bitterly cold weather. Between fares our driver slept in the street in a lice-infested blanket. He considered himself a successful entrepreneur. After all, he owned his own vehicle and had a wife and two children.

Rickshaws came in two varieties, the modern one powered by a man who rode a bicycle-like contraption attached to the passenger compartment, and the older one powered by a man running between two shafts like a draft animal. Our entrepre-

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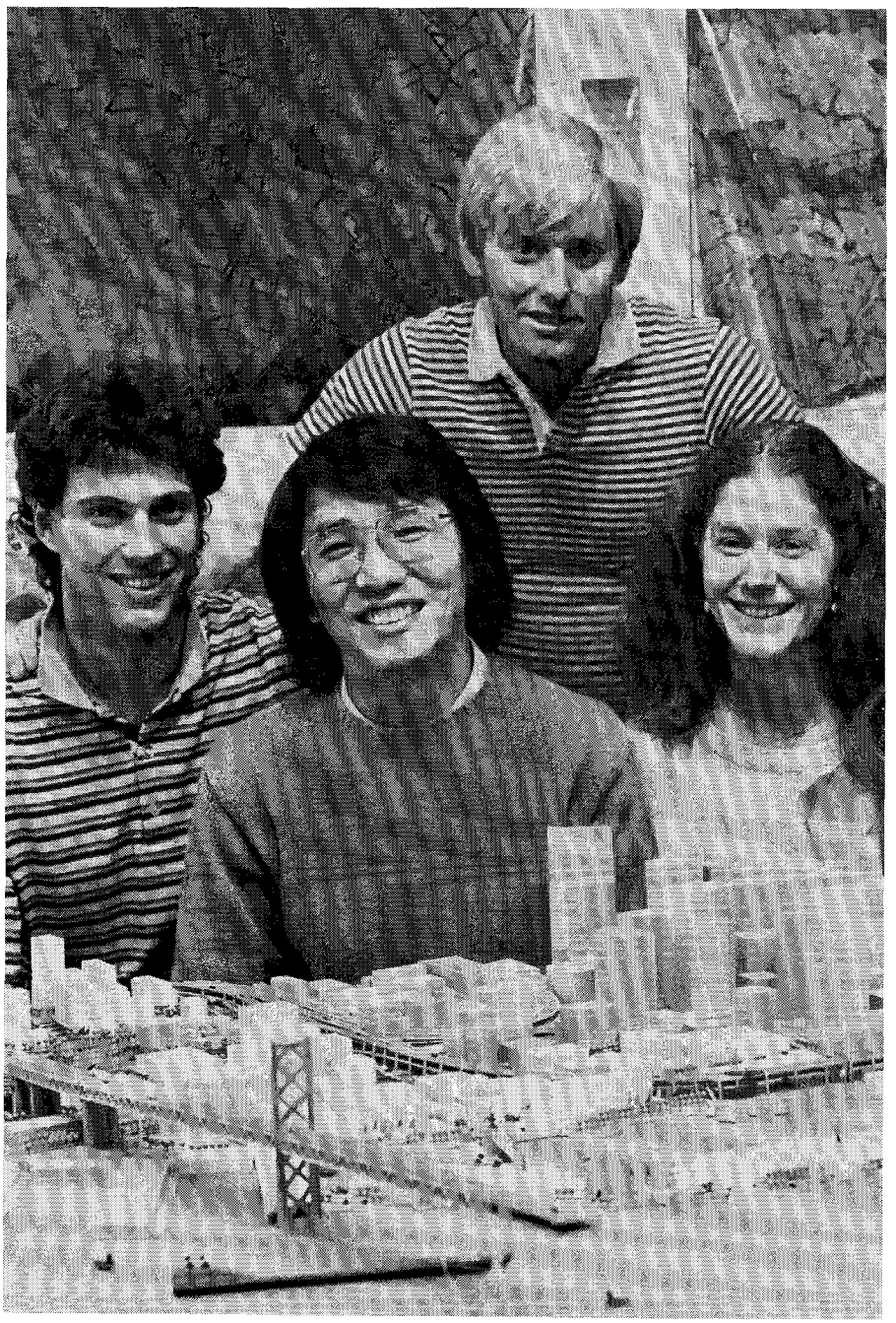
Jong Seh Lee came here to learn city planning. We think he's learning a whole lot more.



For Jong Seh Lee, the shortest path between his home in Seoul, Korea and his chosen career went through the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia.

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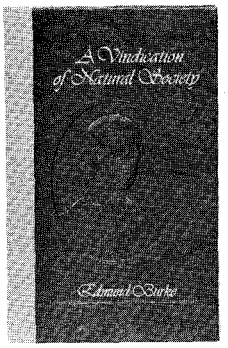

A Vindication of Natural Society

By Edmund Burke
Edited and with an Introduction by
Frank N. Pagano

A new edition of Edmund Burke's first published work. The *Vindication* was issued anonymously in 1756 as a letter attributed to "a late noble writer." In 1757 Burke produced a revised version with a new preface but still did not attach his name to the work. This Liberty*Classics* edition is based on the 1757 revision.

From the time of its first appearance, the *Vindication* has been controversial. Some have argued that it shows that the young Burke was a radical thinker very different from the great conservative of later years. Others have considered the work to be primarily satirical. In either case, it is probably Burke's most philosophical work on social and political questions. In it he comments on many earlier writers, including Hobbes and Locke. Hardcover $8.50, Softcover $4.50.

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neur owned the older model, but took delight in speeding past the modern ones.

The name of our hotel escapes me, but I remember the spacious lobby, the immaculate pressed sheets, and the marble bathroom. The room clerk was astounded that we did not avail ourselves of the female companionship for the night that he offered. He thought we were cheapskates.

The next day we took our rickshaw to a fine restaurant to sample the world-famous Peking-duck dinner. We were given a private dining room, and a personal waiter who never left our side. We were offered our selection of ducks prior to cooking. While our duck was turned by hand on a spit over a fire in the courtyard below, we sipped hot spiced wine and watched from our window. We scandalized our waiter and the management by insisting that the remains of our magnificent meal be given to our rickshaw driver.

What is the moral, political, or philosophical conclusion? I don't know. I think Mao got rid of the rickshaws, but perhaps the only conclusion is the cynical one that the more things change, the more they remain the same—especially if Communists are in charge.

George C. Gross
Brimfield, Mass.

Scuttlebutt

John McLaughlin, in his February 4 column "Mid-Term Scuttlebutt," made three mistakes about the Secretary of Defense. Contrary to the author, Secretary Weinberger is not bored, he does not "languish after the position of Secretary of State," and he does not have arthritis. Reports that he is leaving should be referred to the Fiction Award committee of the Pulitzer Prize organization.

Henry E. Catto Jr.
Assistant Secretary of Defense
Washington, D.C.

65, 66, Hike!

As a conservative Republican, *NR* subscriber, and federal employee, I find your constant harangue concerning civil servants sickening. A prime example was Mr. Buckley's column "The Peterson Social Security Reform Act of 1983" [Jan. 21]. In it he recommended bringing civil servants under the Social Security system because we are "double-dipping" on welfare benefits.

Federal pensions are no more classifiable as welfare than are pensions in the private sector. Civil servants have historically contributed a higher percentage of their earnings to the Civil Service retirement system than have Social Security participants. The abuses cited by Mr. Buckley are not the responsibility of federal employees, but of desperate politicians seeking re-election. After all, workers do not

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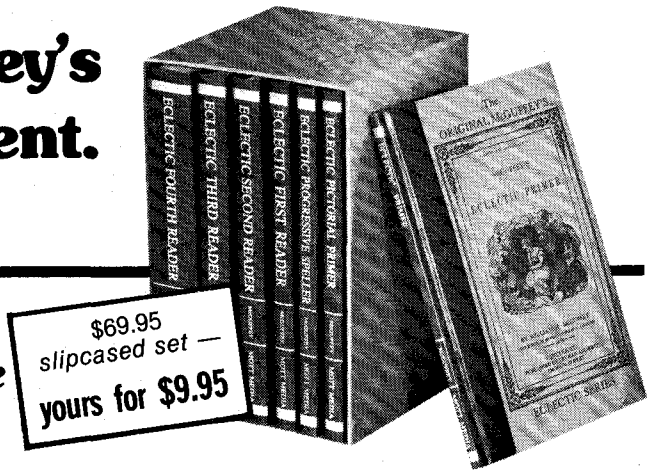

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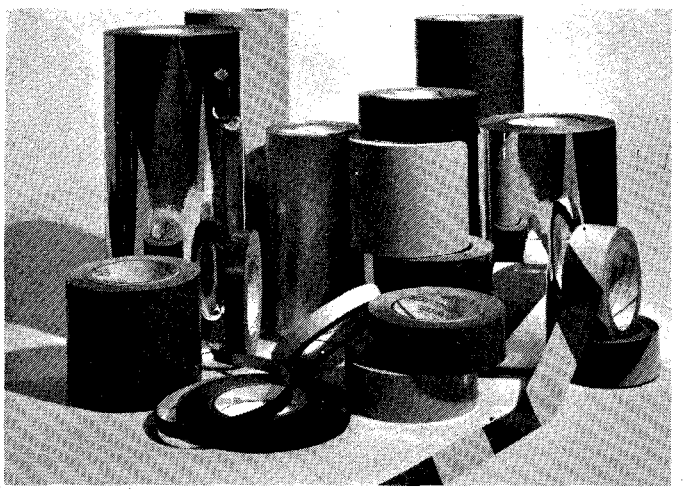

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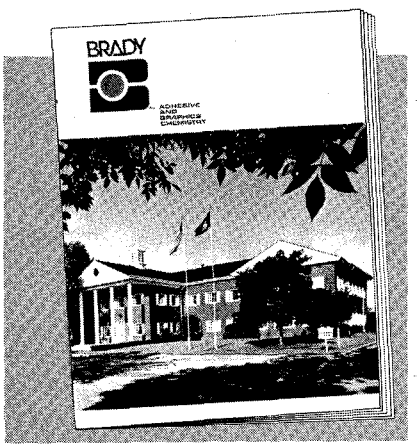

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control the pension, their employer does.

No one can deny that the federal retirement system needs a thorough examination. Retirement ages may have to be raised. Cost-of-living adjustments should be restricted. Double-dipping must be eliminated. The system needs reform.

However, let us not confuse pension reform with thievery. I cannot envision Uncle Sam grabbing private pension funds. How is this fantasy different from Congress raiding federal pension coffers?

The Civil Service retirement system is a benefit earned by federal workers. The sooner we stop making federal pensions a political football, the sooner we can start ensuring they do not follow the Social Security system into bankruptcy.

Scott Lary
Houlton, Me.

Solar-Side

Occasionally in *NR*, there is an article with which I might not agree wholly. However, never have I come across any absurdly erroneous statements until I read Richard Brookhiser's review of *The War against the Atom* by Samuel McCracken ["Who Died at TMI?" Nov. 26].

I agree with the major points being made concerning nuclear power. But I was flabbergasted to read, "Socialism and solar power support each other like two drunks on the street." Clearly, anyone who knows the first thing about solar energy knows that it is the most decentralized, anti-government-monopoly, free-enterprise form of energy. A homeowner with sufficient solar cells and solar heating can be free of the government-controlled socialistic utility monopoly. In contrast, the nuclear power plant is totally dependent on government and utility cooperation.

That was the most flagrant error. However, what I have read elsewhere indicates that solar power is the opposite of Mr. Brookhiser's characterization—i.e., it is inexpensive, tested, marketable, simple, and tough.

I think what has happened here is evidence of a lamentable trend. Both liberals and conservatives have started a bad habit of automatically and unconsciously opposing whatever the other side favors. I think impartial analysis shows that liberals are wrong about nuclear power (and weapons), but are *right* about solar power. The contribution conservatives need to make here is to emphasize that solar power would flourish most with the least government interference.

Ken Stuart
Half Moon Bay, Calif.

The Joke's Joke

D. Keith Mano's need to "transpose the plot" of Milan Kundera's first novel, *The Joke*, "into American" displays a willingness on Mano's part to sacrifice the con-

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Tougher drunk driving laws alone are not the answer. The more severe the penalties, the more reluctant judges and juries are to impose them.

Instead, new approaches are attacking the problem at its source: the attitudes of potential offenders and of society at large. Drinking before driving must become a social stigma, instead of a socially acceptable form of homicide.

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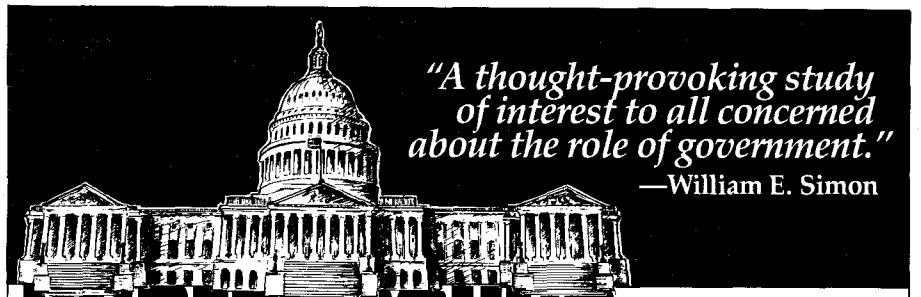

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UNDERGROUND GOVERNMENT

JAMES T. BENNETT AND THOMAS J. DiLORENZO

While public attention has been focused on the rapid growth of federal spending and the feasibility of a constitutional amendment mandating a balanced budget, another part of the federal budget is quietly flourishing: off-budget spending. For the first time, information on this burgeoning off-budget sector has been gathered into one volume. It provides a wealth of pertinent data and incisive analysis of off-budget spending, and attempts by government at all levels to neutralize the effects of constitutional limitations on spending. Must reading for anyone concerned with the taxing and spending policies of government. $8.95, 184 pp.

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tent of a book and the analysis of that content for the sake of a facile and obnoxious conceit ["Letting Go," Jan. 21]. What possible advantage in understanding can be gained by translating things foreign into things American—Ludviks into Lous and Kostkas into Kens?

There are two possible assumptions that underlie this process of cultural translation, both of which I find objectionable. 1) It is conceivable that Mano, if he is to understand the novel, must first have it in "American." If this is the case, his critical judgments suffer from a debilitating provincialism. 2) Alternatively, it is possible that Mano sees the novel in its own right, but presumes that the readers of his review need to have it in "American." Such an attitude as this is needlessly patronizing.

Does Mano suggest that we "transpose" all foreign books this way? Does it enable us to get a better understanding of *The Republic* if we say, "I went down yesterday to the Piraeus (Palisades Park) with Glaucon (Gerry) to pay my devotions to the goddess (look at video games)"?

As Kundera indicates in his preface, *The Joke* has already suffered from one bad translation; surely we can dispense with Mr. Mano's.

Kim Fedderson
King City, Ont.

Did Algebra Have Your Number When You Were In School?

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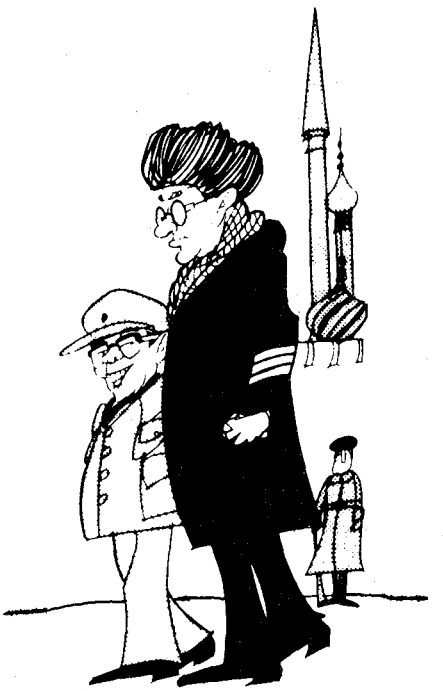
FOR THE RECORD

■ Citing bipartisan support for Social Security legislation and jobs bill, Senate Majority Leader **Howard Baker** feels "the President has achieved a bipartisan approach to major problems." But many Reagan supporters, inside and outside White House, don't share euphoria of GOP leadership. "We're playing politics as usual," says Rep. **James T. Broyhill** (R., N.C.), "and the Democrats are conducting all-out war." One battle: Broyhill, ranking minority member of House Energy and Commerce Committee, says Democrats are stacking Energy and Commerce subcommittees. Though GOP holds 38 per cent of seats in House, Democrats have limited GOP representation on subcommittees to less than one-third. Seating ratios would accord with Democratic gain of 57 House seats in 1982 elections instead of actual 26 seats. . . . Some disgruntled conservatives, angry over White House concessions on Social Security and jobs bill, are looking elsewhere for 1984. New Right fundraiser **Richard Viguerie** says that if Reagan doesn't stop moving left, "I and other conservatives don't think he should run for re-election." Speculation is that Viguerie may toss his own hat into the ring. But Rep. **Mickey Edwards** (R., Okla.), president of American Conservative Union, isn't ready to abandon Great Communicator for Great Fundraiser. "You have to keep in mind that Richard Viguerie didn't support Ronald Reagan in 1980," Edwards told *Washington Post*. "He started out with **Phil Crane** and then drifted over to **John Connally**. So it's not surprising he's looking for another candidate." **Phil Gramm**, newest member of House GOP, will get good look from Viguerie, who predicts Gramm "is going to play a major role nationally" and move the GOP away from "the country club, elitist types running the White House now."



Mahood, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"If you'll sign an arms-limitation treaty, we'll sign a population one."

■ War on PAC men: **Bill Moyers** is credited with getting the ball rolling with his editorials on *CBS News* against political-action committees. Then came **Elizabeth Drew** in *New Yorker* and ex-Naderite **Mark Green** in *New Republic*. Finally, Common Cause called a press conference, with CC president **Fred Wertheimer** charging that PACs "have placed representative government under siege." . . . Democratic presidential candidates **Gary Hart** and **Walter Mondale** have already announced that they won't accept PAC money. Within GOP, **Robert Dole** is leader of anti-PAC throng: "Poor people don't make campaign contributions. You might get a different result if there were a Poor-PAC up here." (It's quotes like this that have earned Dole endorsement of *Village Voice* columnists **Alexander Cockburn** and **James Ridgeway**, who have called Dole "our kind of guy.") Why the anti-PAC fever? Columnist **Patrick Buchanan** offers his diagnosis: "Because the largest PAC put together by the friends of a single senator is not **Teddy**'s PAC but the Congressional Club of **Jesse Helms**." . . . Departure of **Rich Williamson** from White House staff has disappointed many conservatives. Williamson resigned his post as Assistant to President for Intergovernmental Affairs to become U.S. Representative to International Organizations in Vienna, but he will be in a position to return for a Reagan encore in 1984. In 1980, Williamson served as deputy to Reagan campaign chairman **Paul Laxalt**.

■ After four hours of debate, ruling synod of the Anglican Church voted 338 to 100 to throw out a motion calling on **Thatcher** government to discard its nuclear weapons. The Archbishop of Canterbury, **Robert Runcie**, said, "I cannot accept unilateralism as the best expression of a Christian's prime moral duty to be a peacemaker." . . . International Society for Human Rights, founded in Germany more than ten years ago, has set up American office. ISHR's first American report contains information about forced labor on Siberian pipeline and repression of Soviet peace movement. To find out about ISHR write: P.O. Box 2175, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163. . . . State Department report, compiled at request of Sen. **Bill Armstrong** (R., Colo.), says four million people work under conditions of forced labor throughout USSR.

■ **James Burnham**, *NR*'s most senior senior editor, has been selected to receive Medal of Freedom from President Reagan for his contribution in the fields of philosophy and letters.

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THE WEEK

■ The Brandt Commission has made a new set of recommendations relative to the developed and developing nations in the light of deteriorating economic conditions and increased global uncertainties and critical dangers . . . international imbalances of payments . . . major new allocations . . . huge transfusions of aid . . . International Monetary Fund . . . *check your wallet.*

■ "At Long Last, the Recovery Is Here"—the judgment, not of a White House press release, but of a *New York Times* headline, over an article by Leonard Silk. Silk marshals some reasons for thinking so. Housing starts rose to an adjusted annual rate of 1.22 million for the fourth quarter of 1982, up from a low of 870,000 in late 1981. Auto sales rose likewise. Inventories, swollen by low demand, are shrinking. New orders are perking. Other signs: falling gas and heating-oil prices pulled down the producer price index by 1 per cent in January, a record drop; the consumer price index is thought likely to follow suit. Congress had better rush through that jobs bill, while there's still a recession.

■ Are we flippant about jobs bills? Consider. In the lame-duck session, Tip O'Neill was plugging for a "light public-works" bill. Purpose: to employ 300,000 people. Price tag: $5.4 billion. Over the month of January, the number of unemployed sank from 12,036,000 to 11,446,000. Difference: over half a million people. Several morals are possible. Us, we'd let the recovery take its course; though Tip might conclude he could reach full employment by a heavy public-works bill of $200 billion.

■ On the very first day of the 98th Congress, the Democratic leadership decided to make an example of Democrats who don't toe the party line. Example number one was Representative Phil Gramm of Texas, a former economics professor who, in vote after vote, preferred Reaganomics to O'Neillonomics. The Democratic fathers ruled that Gramm would be denied his seat on the Budget Committee. Two days later an unrepentant Gramm announced his decision to leave the Democratic Party and run as a Republican in a congressional district that had never sent a Republican to Congress. On February 12, the 6th congressional district of Texas made history: it sent Republican Phil Gramm to Congress with 55 per cent of the vote (spreading the remaining 45 per cent among the eight other contenders for the seat). Once again, Gramm is right where the O'Neill gang doesn't want him: the House Budget Committee. Your move, Tip.

■ WORDS OF WISDOM. Conservatives fighting the multi-billion-dollar U.S. addition to the International Monetary Fund are publicizing a letter originally written back in 1980, the last time the IMF came around hat in hand. Then as now its replenishment was defended as a way "to help prevent economies in the Third World from collapsing under the burden of excessive external debt." But, the letter explains, "this is bad legislation . . . the IMF does not have a record

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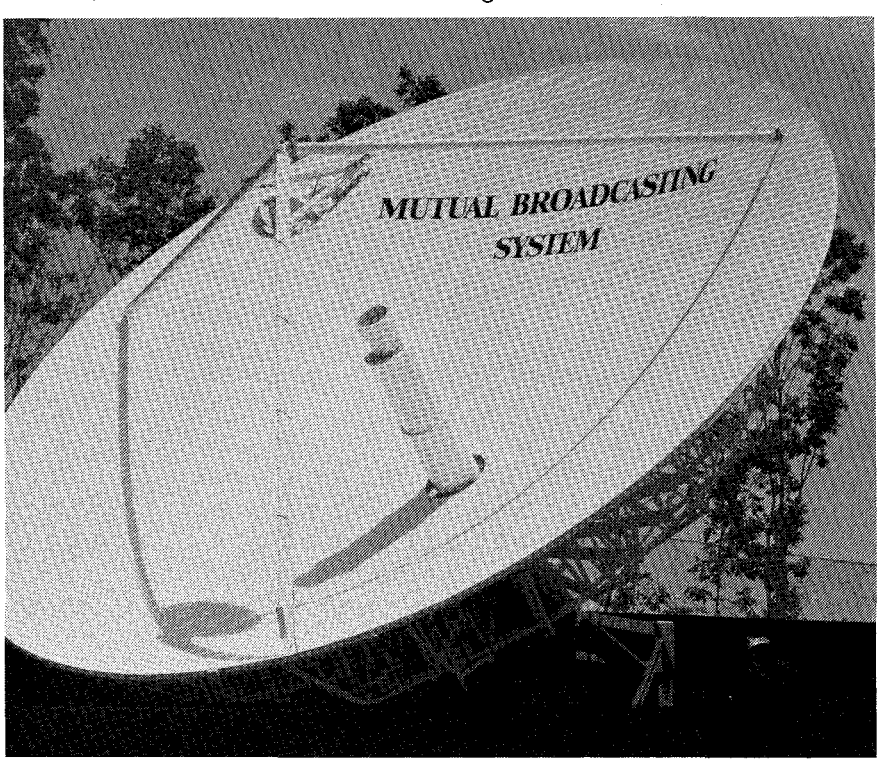

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Just a couple of months ago—at the end of the 97th Congress—the President and Tip O'Neill were aeons apart on the issue of a jobs bill. Mr. Reagan stonewalled the lame ducks on this, refusing to go along with any "make-work" legislation. Today, Mr. Reagan and the Speaker are doing another bipartisan number, a retread of their Social Security soft-shoe routine, and conservatives around town are alternately blanching and retching at what they see. Why a jobs bill now, they ask, when the economy is already on the mend?

Last week the talk around town was that the President's proxies, Jim Baker and David Stockman, were secretly negotiating with the Democrats for a bill whose appropriation would be set at $4.3 billion for jobs and recession relief (food and shelter operations). Today one hears talk of double that number, but the White House is privately saying that $6.6 billion will be the final figure, and that it has climbed over the $4.3-billion level by reason, principally, of retaining the extension of unemployment-compensation benefits until the end of the year—an item that "will be crammed down our throats whether we like it or not."

If Mr. Reagan's cut-your-losses logic is to be given a fair hearing, we must first note that 90 per cent of the $6.6 billion is already in the pipeline, i.e., scheduled monies in the out-years' budgets (especially 1984's) for federal construction projects, mass transit, airports, highways—legitimate (not make-work) projects—that will be brought forward to alleviate today's high unemployment. So, the new money in the $6.6-billion jobs/relief bill is only $600 million, or 10 per cent.

"If we don't cut a deal on this bill," a senior White House aide confided, "then the President is going to be faced with the politically ugly prospect of vetoing a much bigger jobs bill, with much more new money, at a time of high national unemployment, when Walter Mondale and other 1984 presidential hopefuls will be screaming about fairness. It's a freight train hurtling down the tracks at us. If we can buy it off for only $600 million in new money, why I'd say we had a pretty sweet deal. Wouldn't you?"

The strategy turns, of course, on whether the two assumptions are correct, namely that Congress is going to produce a jobs bill anyway, and, assuming it will, that that bill will entail a vastly bloated volume of new monies. Hard-liners here counter-argue that if the President were only less wimpish, if he jawboned, threatened to veto, and wooed the private sector to do more hiring (as he did admirably and successfully earlier), then Congress would not get a jobs bill through.

Admittedly a close call, but odds favor a jobs bill from this Congress, this session. First, the Senate Republicans are growing increasingly recalcitrant. Second, all the forecasters are predicting 10 to 11 per cent unemployment at least through 1983, which means that congressional pressure for a jobs bill will remain constant.

Okay—for argument's sake. Still, the problem remains formidable: the President's support of a $6.6-billion jobs/relief bill, no matter how you box the compass, looks like a tacit admission that the recovery is not working, that another big government bailout is the order of the day—with the wrong signal thereby sent to everybody. Why, for crying out loud, if this bill contains only 10 per cent new money, doesn't the President tell the people exactly that? Why doesn't he stress that the recovery is here, that this jobs/relief measure is only to help Americans in those pockets where the transition from a tax-tax, spend-spend economy to a Reaganomics heaven is hurting? Et cetera.

We're ahead of you there, says the White House; we've thought of all that. But here's the problem. The President has been mute on this because the Democrats have yet to buy the compromise. Their leadership must convince the rank and file that this is a good deal for them, meaning that it entails substantial government money. If the President were to light the TV lantern and say to the people: "Hey, wait a minute. This is only 10 per cent new money," why that would kill the bargaining. When Tip and Dutch shake hands on this, and the deal is in cement, then you'll hear the President holler about how authentic these jobs are, and explain that the funding for them is 90 per cent speed-up.

On balance, for Mr. Reagan to be able to pre-empt the fairness issue from the Democrats by this accommodation appears well worth $600 million, to say nothing about the merits of the case, which, when so many unemployed Americans are hurting, would seem to recommend enactment. *C'est entendu?*

—CATO

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of success in strengthening unstable economies in the Third World. . . . In this time of economic stringency, when federal deficits are placing heavy borrowing requirements on the capital markets of this country, the American public should not be called upon to fork over $5.5 billion to the IMF." The letter appeared over the signature of then-Congressman David Stockman.

■ Richard Viguerie, Howard Phillips, and Co. are engaged in a campaign to "defund the Left," and it is, predictably, driving the Left nuts. *Village Voice* columnist James Ridgeway, ever choleric, reached new heights in his "exposé" of the campaign last month, centering much of his attack on the perfidies of Tom Pauken, Ronald Reagan's ACTION director (ACTION is the Great Society's domestic counterpart to the Peace Corps). Pauken is a hard case. When he took the job, he found, among other things, that the U.S. Government was funding something called Radio Free Georgia (directed not at furthering the aspirations of the peoples of the Soviet Republic of Georgia, but at furthering the revolutionary tendencies of citizens of Georgia, U.S.A.) and other similar leftist glories. Well, it hasn't been easy, but that part of the radical Left that used to look to ACTION for its bucks is out in the cold, and in the course of the pruning Tom Pauken has brought ACTION's budget down from $160 million in '81 to an expected $120 million in '83. Instead of funding political activists, ACTION's money now goes to things such as the effective Foster Grandparent program. In it, older peo-

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The symptoms of angina can be any one or more of these:

A sense of tightness or heaviness in your chest
A pain in your shoulder or neck
A sense of fullness, a feeling of "indigestion"

These symptoms are different for different people and at different times in any one person. The important thing is to pay attention, your body is telling you something is wrong. Your heart is giving you a signal to act promptly. See your doctor because angina must and can be treated.

The diagnosis of angina pectoris can be made only by your doctor.

The treatment of angina depends upon a doctor's diagnosis and on the type of angina pectoris you may have. Is it the kind that's caused by spasm? Or thickening of coronary vessels that feed the heart? Or by both?

What's to be done?
Your doctor can help you reduce your cardiac workload by reducing weight, cholesterol, tension and stress. And he has a full range of medication that can relieve coronary spasm, improve the flow of blood to the heart and normalize heart rhythms. You can also help yourself with proper rest and relaxation, time for pleasure and recuperation and a program of moderate exercise.

If your condition is accompanied by elevated blood pressure, your doctor has other medicines that can bring it within normal range. In certain instances, surgery may be called for. Obviously you can't be your own doctor. You need a support system. We call it...

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ple with limited incomes who are willing to volunteer twenty hours a week receive $40 (plus a few benefits) for working with retarded, crippled, illiterate, or problem children, and give them the kind of loving care a grandparent would. In this and other programs, it is Tom Pauken's belief, the Federal Government should provide the seed money, and local and private charities the follow-through. Which is the kind of thing up with which the radical and socialist Left does not wish to put.

■ It does beat all. For more than a decade Soviet psychiatrists, acting as an arm of the KGB, have routinely tortured political dissidents in mental hospitals with injections, beatings, and other brainwashing techniques. This had finally become such an affront to the profession that for the first time this year a serious attempt was being made to expel the Soviet psychiatrists from the World Psychiatric Association (see "Who's Crazy Now?" *NR*, Jan. 21). Apparently the Soviet reading was that the dumping operation would be successful, because last week its members withdrew from the World Psychiatric Association, charging that that organization had "failed" to protect its good name from "political slanders" by Westerners. And what has been the reaction of Western psychiatrists? You guessed it. According to the *New York Times*, most Westerners were "surprised" by the Soviet action and "regretted" it because—you guessed it again—this would make it more difficult to carry on exchanges of information on the psychiatric "treatment" of dissidents. Even a non-psychiatrist should know that the way to find out what goes on in Soviet prison hospitals is to question not the torturers but the victims, men like Bukovsky and Grigorenko.

■ The Oxford Union's famous resolution, in February 1933, "That this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country," was a false prediction; six and a half years later, king and country were at war and Oxonians fought. It was also a signal, which may have helped bring the war closer. "In Germany, in Russia, in Italy, in Japan," wrote Winston Churchill, "the idea of a decadent, degenerate Britain took deep root and swayed many calculations. . . . Lord Lloyd, who was on friendly terms with [Mussolini], noted how he had been struck by the resolution of the Oxford undergraduates." Fifty years later, the Oxford Union has debated the same question—now a motion refusing to fight for Queen and Country—and voted it down. Max Beloff, a political scientist who had spoken for the original motion as an undergraduate, returned to speak against. "Those of us who voted for the original motion have a duty to make atonement. I and my friends were arrogant. And I wish to apologize to the memory of those who died and beseech this House not to make the same mistake." (Footnote: Radio One, the BBC's rock channel, conducted a phone-in poll; 58 per cent of the listeners ignored Beloff's advice.)

■ Well, now we know where the Catholic bishops got it: from Elaine Killilea's seventh-grade class at St. Patrick's School in Roxbury, Mass. On January 30, they took over much of the "Fun Pages" section of the *Boston Sunday Globe* (usually the comics section) to let the President in on their thoughts on nuclear war. They're against it. Mr. Reagan, they feel, doesn't mind the prospect of being incinerated by a bomb because after all he's "seventy something" years old and his life is over, but 13-year-old Terrance and Teila and Deschia and Wanda have a lot of living to do, which they won't get to do because bad Mr. Reagan, who should be using that money for the poor and educating poor kids and such, is knuckleheadedly spending all his time planning to nuke the world. Only three of the 14 students whose letters were printed gave any sign that they had even heard of the Soviet Union, but all of them know that the U.S. has more bombs than it needs, and so, in the deathless words of Kimberly Robinson, Mr. Reagan is exhorted to "stop this bombness NOW!!"

■ The major NBC-TV production of Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War* may be yet another sign that the mentality of the Sixties has finally been interred. Wouk is an unrepentant Forties patriot. His book and the TV epic do not in the least suggest that Adolf Hitler was, to borrow George McGovern's phrase about Ho Chi Minh, the George Washington of his country. And Robert Mitchum, who plays Captain Pug Henry, USN, is in no danger of being confused with Alan Alda.

■ The National Endowment for the Humanities plans to spend $120,000 on a program to run short fiction in newspapers. Really, all they'd have to do is bring back Janet Cooke, who should have won a fiction award for "Jimmy's World."

Atomic Strategy—Conceptual Revolution

In what follows, the argument is made for a new approach to atomic strategy. Because of the peculiarly novel character of the atomic circumstance, atomic strategy should be clear, explicit, and officially disseminated. This represents a conceptual break with the traditional strategy of conventional warfare that seeks to exploit enemy uncertainties, as summed up in the phrase, "Keep them guessing." The guiding principle of atomic strategy, in contrast, must be certainty, with the corollary of known limitation.

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The Soviet Union is currently engaged in a masterful political campaign to—in the jargon of the moment—"de-couple" the Atlantic alliance. The Soviets' principal political weapon is fear, stimulated by their formidable and mobile SS-20 weapons, which are targeted on Western Europe.

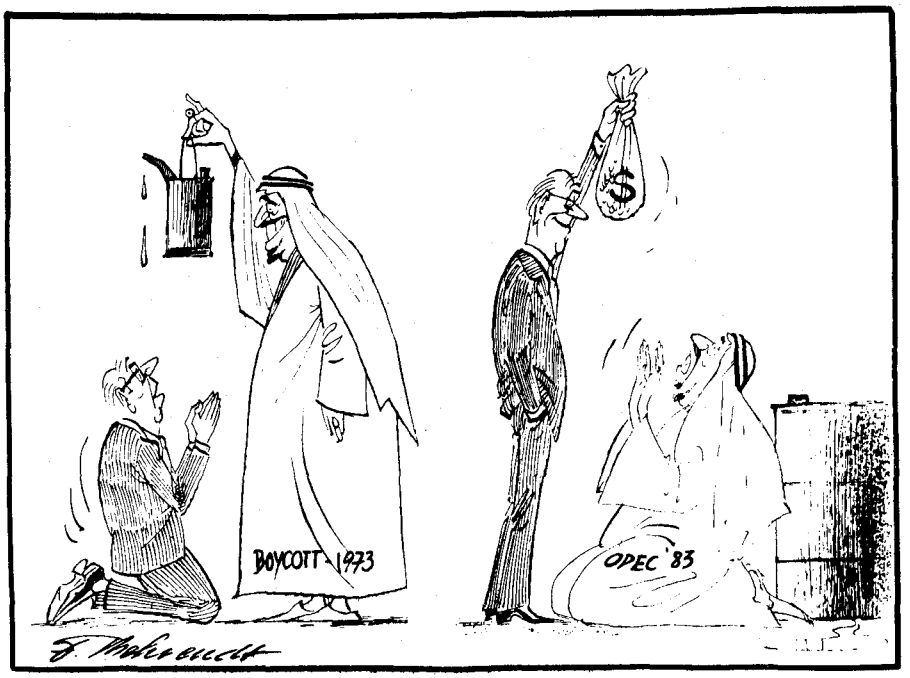
The de-coupling works this way in European politics: Even as the SS-20 poses a massive nuclear threat to Western Europe, doubt spreads that the U.S. would put *American* cities on the line in the event of a Soviet threat to attack our NATO allies. It is in this sense of uncertainty that the European malaise festers and is shrewdly exploited by Soviet psychological warfare.

There exists one way to allay such European uncertainties. The U.S. could make it very clear just what price the Soviets would pay for different kinds of attack upon the West. The principle would be one of clear equivalents, combining the certain price to be paid with the assurance that the price would not escalate.

For example, cities could be categorized on the basis of population, economic importance, cultural significance, and so on. The first category might be that of Capital City. Thus a Soviet attack upon a Western capital—Paris, London, Washington, etc.—would under this new doctrine involve the certain destruction of Moscow, if necessary by American ICBMs. Category II Soviet cities might include Leningrad, Kiev, Volgograd, Odessa, Kharkov, etc. These cities would henceforth be the *known* hostages for such Western cities as Hamburg, Manchester, Marseilles, Chicago, New York. And so on, through cities of the Category III, IV, and V magnitude. The same sort of calculus would apply to Soviet strikes against NATO nuclear weapons and military command posts.

Such a publicly stated position, issued as official U.S. and NATO policy, would go far toward eliminating the possibility of Soviet miscalculation. The Soviets would henceforth know the price to be paid —very high—but they would also know that the price did not include escalation to apocalypse. Such a policy would also "re-couple" the Atlantic alliance, reflecting as it would the vital U.S. national interest in Western Europe. (In view of the recent Soviet atomic bullying of Japan, that country also might be brought within the new explicit equation.)

In the perspective of history, such a new conceptualization of atomic strategy has numerous connections elsewhere. In one area after another, we appear to be entering an epoch in which reality will be defined increasingly in terms of abstract analysis.



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

Conventional warfare, that is, has an "empirical" character, in which hypothesis, for better or worse, can be tested by experience. But, except for the largely irrelevant cases of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we have no testable experience of nuclear warfare. For that reason, abstract analysis becomes the only knowable reality. Analogous revolutions have in fact already occurred in theoretical physics, in linguistics, in the arts, and in philosophy.

In a famous phrase, T. S. Eliot remarked that certain medieval and Renaissance writers "felt their thought as immediately as the odor of a rose." He meant that abstract reasoning about the unknowable was a *real* experience to them. Though that mentality was displaced in the West for about four hundred years—empirical culture defining reality as the world of the five senses—we now appear to be entering a distinctively new phase, in which abstract thought will again become a decisive part of our sense of the real.

A clear and certain doctrine in atomic strategy would seem to be the most effective way of preventing atomic war from becoming an empirical experience—or, at worst, preventing it from becoming a universal conflagration.

Can Indexing Be Saved?

By now, even as signs of recovery abound, the battle to save Reaganomics has taken on a last-ditch character. The Dole tax hike was granted last summer; the nickel gas tax followed after the election, along with the $108-billion taxpayer bailout of Social Security; now there is even a Reagan jobs bill. Tight money may already have been dropped. The last ditch is the 1981 Reagan tax program—and it will now

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take all the forces conservatives can muster to convince this Administration not to abandon its own program.

The signs of an impending cave-in are plentiful indeed. On February 4 President Reagan announced cryptically that "there is a certain flexibility with regard to wanting to have a bipartisan program" on economic recovery. Senior White House aides helpfully explained that this meant that the third-year tax cut and the indexing of tax rates were now on the table for negotiation, in exchange for Democratic promises of spending restraint. (Reagan's earlier threat to veto any attempt to tamper with the third year or indexing would now apply only if Congress openly defied the Administration on spending, they explained.)

Which of the two, the third-year tax cut or indexing, would it be more disastrous to lose? That is the question supply-siders have been idly debating ever since they all left their Administration jobs. Our own view is that indexing is by far the more important of the two. The difference is, so to speak, between taking a few big strides down the up escalator and flipping off the escalator's power switch. A couple of years of Carter-style bracket creep would just about wipe out a 10 per cent cut for most taxpayers. The Democrats seem to know the difference: that is one reason why Representative Rostenkowski has decided to drop his attack on the third-year tax cut and go after indexing instead. (The other reason is that the clock is running out on efforts to stop the tax cut, which is scheduled to go into effect July 1.)

Here are some other reasons why a retreat on indexing would be the most serious defeat to date for the Reagan Administration:

Fairness. There is an enormous constituency for the idea that inflation should not keep pushing people into higher and higher brackets, that a given tax law should not bring in an ever-rising share of national income, and that if Congress wants to raise taxes, it should do so openly, not to say constitutionally—which are three different ways to describe the principle behind indexing. These simple notions of fair play are shared not just by conservatives but by many liberals and social democrats as well, which may be why indexing has been adopted in Canada and the Scandinavian countries, places that do not often serve as incubators for Reagan Administration proposals.

Politics. Bracket creep also happens to be, to use one of the liberals' own terms, regressive; it wreaks its damage on the middle class, while those already in the highest bracket feel it very little. For just this reason, indexing is the perfect issue on which to appeal to the vast middle class over the heads of their Democratic representatives. It is also a political truism, of course, that one does not acquire a reputation for forceful leadership by giving up on points one had earlier twisted arms to win.

The legacy effect. The Democrats are probably right to think that once indexing actually goes into effect in 1985 it will become politically untouchable. A century hence, textbooks will mark it as the most important victory on a matter of principle that the taxpayers' movement won in our generation—more important even than the Reagan tax cuts, because while changes in the numbers can easily be undone, changes in the relationship between taxpayer and government are much more solid.

Spending concerns. Although the tax escalator is due to get switched off in 1985, the spending escalator will be left on. The ever-growing gap between the two amounts in later years is universally described as a "revenue shortfall," not a spending overrun. Every spender in Washington knows that this tension cannot increase forever; unless the tax escalator is restarted, the pressure to stop the spending escalator—i.e., to reform the entitlement programs—will become unbearable. Only the repeal of indexing will save them from this fate.

The inflation incentive. Without indexing, the more inflation the government creates, the larger the "fiscal dividend" that pours into its coffers. Will Washington therefore inflate precisely in order to have more money to spend? To conclude that it will, does not necessarily mean ascribing to it a conscious desire to inflate, any more than we ascribe to the innocent heliotrope a conscious desire to turn itself toward the sun.

Jobs. We have saved job losses for last because they are typically the weakest argument against any policy, good or bad. Given Congress's near-obsession with job creation, however, it is worth pointing out that in the absence of indexing, bracket creep will wipe out at least as many jobs as Congress can hope to create with its added revenues. To the extent that the transfer of jobs from the private to the public sector is the intended result, this argument will fail to convince. But surely there are at least some Republicans left in Congress who know better.

The Bush And Shultz Missions

In his 12-day visit to various allied capitals in Europe, Vice President George Bush performed to general approval and at least marginally affected the political atmosphere surrounding the debate over theater nuclear weapons. Bush's demeanor was, as usual, civilized, and this was appreciated by his European colleagues, an appreciation reflected in the media response. As far as the public was concerned, he appeared to counteract the widespread view that the Administration is not "serious" about strategic questions. He repeatedly defended the Administration's

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"zero option" proposal as the "moral" position—thus countering the rhetoric of unilateralist European groups, including many church leaders—but also left the impression that an "interim" stage might be discussable. In short, without conceding anything of substance concerning the forthcoming negotiations, Mr. Bush communicated a degree of reassurance and may have had a salutary impact upon the coming, and critical, West German elections.

The journey of Secretary of State George Shultz to Peking had a comparable quality of steadiness and calm, but in his case the result was still a substantive impasse. Peking was demanding far more than Shultz was in a position to deliver: it wants to flood the U.S. with cheap textiles; it wants to have access to advanced American military technology to modernize its period-piece army—access, too, to American nuclear technology (without signing the nonproliferation treaty)—and it wants America to abandon Taiwan. With that kind of shopping list, it is not surprising that Peking's communiqué was rather sour. But Shultz took it all in, in his quiet way, and may have led Peking a small step in the direction of recognizing realities.

Neither Hide nor Hehir

To hear the media's account of it, the impulses of the American Catholic bishops on the subject of nuclear arms sprang forth full blown—from the Holy Ghost, perhaps; or the ether; at the very least, from the core of Catholic tradition. An illustration to a *Time* article on the subject last fall said it all: Augustine, Aquinas, and Pius XII glower hieratically over the caption, "Growing restrictions on what can be called a 'just war.'" It was just Out There, in the flow.

In fact, the Church, like any human institution, is full of busy human hands, and, on this issue, the busiest have belonged to Father J. Bryan Hehir, Director of the Office of International Justice and Peace of the U.S. Catholic Conference. Father Hehir, a self-described "radical centrist," who wrote much of the draft pastoral letter, has been involved with nuclear weapons for some time. When Cardinal Krol testified before the Senate in the summer of 1979 on the SALT II treaty, he used a text said to have been prepared principally by Hehir. (In his testimony Krol referred to a 1976 document of the U.S. Catholic Conference, "To Live in Christ Jesus," whose section on war and morality is also thought to have been written by Hehir.) "The moral judgment [of] 'To Live in Christ Jesus,'" Krol told the Senate, "is that not only the use of strategic nuclear weapons but also the declared intent to use them involved in our deterrence policy are both wrong. As long as there is the hope [of negotiations], Catholic moral teaching is willing to tolerate the possession of nuclear weapons for deterrence as the lesser of two evils."

This is the so-called bluff theory, now popular among the bishops: we may use the things to bluff, but never ever to drop—in which case, where is the bluff? The problem was underscored last month at a discussion of nuclear arms hosted in Vienna by Cardinal Konig, which Hehir attended. The clerics adjourned with a communiqué stating that there is "no case that would morally justify" nuclear war.

Nothing wrong with any of this, procedurally. Ideas need advocates, and advocates gain effectiveness through long service to their ideas. But it is useful, now and again, to remember that liberal ideas, even Catholic liberal ideas, are not produced by virgin birth.

Soviet Psychiatry

In Russian loony-bins, the nuts
Are very often guys with guts.
They raised the roof or made some waves;
Perhaps they muttered, "Jesus saves."
Whatever, once the shrinks got through,
They lost their yen for derring-do,
A skeleton the Reds prefer
We didn't try to disinter.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Undeserving Poor

Imprisoned inside every poor person is a clean-living bourgeois yearning to break free. This is the tacit assumption of social work, public and private. Often it proves true (if it didn't, there would be no such thing as upward mobility). But often it proves false. There are people living in degraded circumstances who are incapable of living otherwise: destructive, self-destructive, incompetent.

The label *du jour* for this class of people is "the underclass," and they have been getting a lot of ink. American welfare policy necessarily treats members of "the underclass" in the same way, at the margin, that it treats other poor people; perhaps it even treats them better, since greater efforts are thought to be necessary to excavate their buried productive personalities.

Reviewing Ken Auletta's recent book *The Underclass* for *The American Spectator*, Roger Starr poses the question whether our efforts to lift up the underclass haven't, in fact, made the problem worse. "There have been underclasses," Starr writes, "in all Western societies. What's new about today's underclass is not its existence but its numbers. The underclass has grown not because American authority has been unfeeling and mean, but rather because American au-

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thority figures have been undermined, weakening the process by which most rural migrants came to conform, more or less, to the norms of urban and industrial life. The relaxation of standards, for fear they may be applied arbitrarily," says Starr, only "[encourages] those with frailer self-discipline to flout the rules."

There is another probable cause, Starr adds, for the underclass population explosion—the tremendous improvement in public health. But letting the "disorganized human failures" simply die is a "loathsome prospect." Hence, "in the long run, much more rigid and unforgiving patterns of social control—more police, more prisons, more asylums—may be the only choice left" to society.

Charles A. Murray, in a recent Heritage Foundation monograph entitled "Safety Nets and the Truly Needy," discusses another potential remedy for the underclass problem: a restoration of "the social distinctions which used to exist whereby, in a poor community, the people who pulled their own weight were different from those who were chronically on the dole."

Murray cites education and workfare as examples of what not to do. "In many years of working with the worst of the worst, I was struck by the fact that if you were a poor kid in the inner city, going to school every day, trying to perform for the teacher, you were put into a corner. The effort, the attention, and the help went to the failures. You couldn't pick out the ones who were trying and help them, because to do that was to assign a certain responsibility for their situation, which a lot of people didn't want to assign."

Similarly, the Great Society policy of making welfare grants available to the working poor blurred the distinction between being on and off the dole, and removed the healthy sense of pride that came from being the latter.

Thanks to liberal rhetoric, we spend much of our time in a cultural museum, a time capsule of nineteenth century iconography. In an age of states gone berserk, of Stalin and Hitler, we spend inordinate amounts of time worrying about robber barons—Henry Frick. In an era of comprehensive social welfare, we are still afraid that only the latest spending measure stands between Oliver Twist and the workhouse. A little intellectual housekeeping is overdue.

Over There

Samoans make better lovers, reported Margaret Mead in her 1928 best-seller, *Coming of Age in Samoa*. The young anthropologist had gone to the South Pacific under the inspiration of her Columbia mentor, Franz Boas, who had taught her to favor nurture in the ancient nature-or-nurture controversy; and she accordingly found in Samoa a culture blessedly free of middle-class hangups about sex, religion, and competition. In a word, Eden. Both the public and the intelligentsia eagerly gulped down Margaret Mead's joy pill.

Comes now an Australian anthropologist, Derek Freeman, who argues that Miss Mead was superficial, ideological, and tendentious. His forthcoming book on her work contends that Samoa is actually a rather Hobbesian sort of place: authoritarian, competitive, neurotic, jealous, and violent. It carries the cult of female virginity to extreme lengths and yet has one of the highest rape frequencies on earth.

We learn, moreover, that the young Miss Mead knew only a few words of the Samoan language. Perhaps she is best seen as the counterpart of Lincoln Steffens: she had been over into the golden past and, lo, it worked. She had gone across an ocean not to see Samoa, but to refute the doctrine of Original Sin. She was among those ideological expatriates from Western civilization who are loath to admit that life in these United States is about as good as life gets. The ideal society is always Over There . . . somewhere . . . anywhere but here.

LBJ Funeral Oration

Lyndon B. Johnson was, by almost any estimate, the most disastrous individual ever to occupy the Oval Office. He not only escalated the Vietnam War but, at the same time, established the political rules for losing it. He did not rest on that achievement. He still found the time, with his Great Society, to come close to destroying the healthy and expanding economy he had inherited. Whether we will be able, at home or abroad, to extricate ourselves from Johnson's catastrophes remains an open question.

We now have before us, etched in acid, the first volume of Robert Caro's biography of Johnson, *The Path to Power*, which convincingly portrays Johnson as that rare human thing, a genuine monster. So damning is the book that it has elicited from Murray Kempton, the world's warmest heart, a review with not one grain of compassion for its subject. (A recent Kempton piece on Mussolini, also published in *The New York Review of Books*, was more sympathetic.)

In the course of his dyslogy, however, Kempton draws some interesting general conclusions about the way social reform—in this case, the New Deal—works, and the kind of people it benefits.

The young Johnson's mentor was an Austin lawyer named Alvin Wirtz, who had realized "the great change the Depression had brought, which was that government would henceforth be the prime, and in those days the only, capital resource." Wirtz needed capital for a dam, and drafted Lyndon Johnson, an

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obscure would-be politico, to be the congressional champion of the project.

Wirtz and Johnson's electoral strategy was simple; Franklin Roosevelt was in the thick of his fight with the Supreme Court, and Johnson ran as a hard-line Roosevelt man. "The court-packing plan might be a pretty lousy thing," Wirtz's law clerk recalls the two of them agreeing, "but the hell with it, that's the way to win." FDR paid the freshman congressman *quid* for *quo*—"give the kid the dam," he told the go-between who had asked for it.

In Washington, Johnson played Thirties radical chic. He "discerned the force of the imagination that had . . . transmuted the poor white's helpless stony reality into heroic metaphor, and he manifested himself in Georgetown as that metaphor's incarnation. [One acquaintance] still remembers that 'he could be very eloquent' when he talked about the Hill Country's poverty." Back home, he quieted the vestigial scruples of Texas businessmen. "Any money that's spent down here on New Deal projects, the East is paying for. It's not coming out of *your* pocket." When, in 1940, Democratic congressional candidates were strapped for funds, Johnson prised the money out of grateful Texans—$30,000 from the dam's contractor alone. His career as a leader had begun.

"Caro has thrown a dead cat into the garden of Franklin D. Roosevelt's centennial," Kempton concludes—sadly, for he still admires FDR. "*The Path to Power*'s truly resonant message is that the richest rewards of social reform are reserved for the enterpriser with the wit and detachment to find his main chance in the spirit of the age."

Sam Donaldson Nude

The March *Playboy* carries an interview with ABC's Sam Donaldson, the White House correspondent with what can only be called a severe Rather complex: the deep-seated belief that the more you bait the President, the sooner you get to be an anchorman. Sam makes no new contributions to the life of the mind, but he does inadvertently tell us a good bit about TV journalism.

1. The "I have grown" syndrome. Sam tells *Playboy* he was raised in the Southwest, grew up conservative, believed in the work ethic, and was "thrilled" when Vice President Nixon visited his home town. "But when I came East to New York and Washington, my view of the world and politics changed. When I went back home, I had violent political arguments with my mother and friends. I had left the fold. I was reading the *New York Times* and other so-called Communist-inspired papers, such as the *Washington Post*." He sees that he'd left the fold, but not that he'd joined the pack: he experienced rising in the world as a triumph of individual autonomy, and still interprets it that way. So do many others in the deracinated press corps.

2. Concern with status. Sam complains that Reagan, unlike Carter, doesn't invite spouses of journalists to White House dinners. "But was the wife of General Motors' chairman not invited? Oh, no; she came. Was Gregory Peck's wife not invited? No, no; she came. The point was that the press spouses were dispensable. The Reagans didn't really consider us on the same level as their Hollywood friends or the industrialists or the artists from New York City." It's not that Sam is thinking of Mrs. Donaldson's feelings: she divorced him before Reagan's election. The point is Sam's status. This may explain a good deal about media attitudes toward Reagan.

3. The "adversary" press. While leery of outright "advocacy" journalism, Sam agrees that "the poor should somehow be helped," and says "it was Vietnam that taught us you had to be extremely skeptical" toward government. We note that the press failed to exhibit the sort of skepticism toward Great Society programs it has shown toward efforts to trim them even slightly. No, it was only Vietnam that made the press antagonistic toward Lyndon Johnson.

In essence the media assume their "adversary" posture toward down-home values, capitalism, and anti-Communism. Toward other things they are not nearly skeptical enough. The targets for media attack are selected according to an ideology which in most cases, like that of Sam Donaldson, appears to be unconscious.

Here Comes the Recovery

Fritz Mondale looks like uncooked dough;
  Lane Kirkland's pallor frightens kids.
Tip might be something out of Poe
  Or dug up from the pyramids.
At CBS, they're changing scripts,
  Since watching grandma pass the cup
Smacks too much of Apocalypse
  When—poor Dan Rather!—things are up.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Thank you once again for taking the time for an interview on my radio program last night. It has occurred to me that my tongue-in-cheek question on

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style and your reply might be of interest in "Notes & Asides."

Q: Mr. Buckley, your supporters regard your style as epideictic, gnomic, perhaps even profluent or perspicuous. Your detractors, however, might contend that your approach leans toward the pleonastic, periphrastic, or euphuistic and, in any event, is obstruent to luculent communication. How do you feel about that?

A: I'm not sure what obstruent means.

Thanks again for your help.

Sincerely,
Michael W. Rosen
Vice President, Shavano Institute
Englewood, Colo.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A few months ago, Mr. S. M. Honea proposed an oxymoron contest into which he entered "liberal thought." It occurs to me that "liberal thought" is the natural result of our "liberal education," my entry into the contest.

Cordially,
Paul Cetrone
Evergreen Park, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I would like to nominate as the oxymoron of the month: criminal justice.

Cordially,
Ames W. Williams
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

An entry for *NR*'s oxymoron contest: peacekeeping force.

Sincerely,
Yehuda Hilewitz
New York, N.Y.

■ *(Excerpt from* The New Yorker, *January 31, 1983, "A Journal—Overdrive—I" by William F. Buckley Jr.)*

The *Times* called to ask who had taken a photograph of Pat and me on the Orient Express that they will use in the travel section; they want to send the photographer a check (for $75). I tell Frances that the picture in question was taken with my own camera by a waiter, and it would not be feasible to find him. The spread will not be out until next Sunday, and I haven't seen it, but the galleys, corrected over the weekend, amused me, because I had privately gambled that one sentence I wrote would never see the light of day. On learning that the *Times* had, as represented, a strict limit of $500 for any travel piece —a sum that hardly covered my costs—I had written that aboard the Orient Express "the consumption of [drinks from the bar] is encouraged, by the way, and they are cash-and-carry, and there is no nonsense about special rates. A gin-and-tonic is $4, a liqueur $6. These prices, weighed on the scales of the Old Testament, are not prohibitive, unless you are trying to make a living writing for the travel section of the *New York Times*."

I won—the third sentence did not survive. It's a funny thing about the *Times*: I don't know anybody who works for it who *doesn't* have a sense of humor. (Big exception: John Oakes. But then he retired as editorial-page director several years ago, and is understandably melancholy about having to live in a world whose shape is substantially of his own making.) A. M. Rosenthal, the working head of the newspaper, is one of the funniest men living. Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the publisher, is wonderfully amusing, and easily amused. And so on. But there is some corporate something that keeps the *Times* from smiling at itself: don't quite know what.

(Telegram addressed to WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. NATIONAL REVIEW NEW YORK, *February 2, 1983.)*

YOUR VICIOUS AND TOTALLY UNCALLED-FOR CHARGE THAT THE NEW YORK TIMES HAS NO SENSE OF HUMOR ABOUT ITSELF WAS SIMPLY ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE NATIONWIDE ATTACK AGAINST THE FIRST AMENDMENT. WE PLAN TO RESIST THIS CONSPIRACY DIRECTED AT THE FREE PRESS WITH ALL OUR MIGHT.

A. M. ROSENTHAL
EXECUTIVE EDITOR
THE NEW YORK TIMES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I shall proudly wear the NATIONAL REVIEW scarf and hope that it will have the same effect in protecting the privacy of a 77-year-old lady as your esteemed magazine had in protecting the young lady who lay on the beach at Coney Island last summer wearing a bikini and reading NATIONAL REVIEW.

Yours gratefully,
Mrs. John Nicholas Brown
Newport, R.I.

—WFB

Famous Victories

Britons still remember Blenheim;
  Austerlitz makes Frenchmen glow,
While results at Little Bighorn
  Made the reservations crow.
Bismarck liked to cite Sadowa;
  Lee sent Burnside up the creek,
And when Phil Gramm won in Texas,
  I was manic for a week.

W. H. VON DREELE

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FROM
Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

The Pentagon Battle

ARE CONSERVATIVES willing to face the fact that the Department of Defense today is where the Chrysler Corporation was before Lee Iacocca? That's what's being asked in Washington by the military "reformers," those conservatives who favor high defense spending but are demanding a total reexamination of how the Pentagon spends its soon-to-be $1 billion per day.

At the center of the discussion is a controversial study done by George W. S. Kuhn, "Ending Defense Stagnation," commissioned by the Heritage Foundation and published in Heritage's *Agenda '83*. Kuhn believes that the defense establishment has far too little to show for the sizable funding increments it soaks up, and that our military has failed to adapt to the single greatest strategic challenge of our era, viz., the threat that conventional forces might be used against vital American interests in Europe and Southwest Asia (oilfields). "We are forced to rely on the nuclear threat," says Kuhn, "in an era when we no longer possess, and are not promised, nuclear superiority." DOD overemphasis on "long-shot technology," says Kuhn, has drawn attention away from the most vital needs of all: leadership, tactics, unit structure, training.

Although the study is confirmed in large measure by the bipartisan military reform congressional caucus, Pentagon analysts, the Congressional Budget Office, and a number of conservative defense experts, many pro-military conservatives looked at the report as if it were a dead rat in the punch bowl. One conservative senator—a reformer—told me: "You'd be shocked at the extent to which the traditional pro-military guys are wearing no clothes on this issue. . . . They cluster around Cap Weinberger. They want to protect him as he slowly destroys the base that we had two years ago to rearm this nation."

Actually, the number of conservatives on Capitol Hill who are willing to defend Cap is dwindling. Only the most hardline types are hanging tough—including, however, the President himself, who, says one close insider sadly, reposes "blind trust in Cap." A lot of the traditionalists, though, have started to count the reasons to become disenchanted with Cap. He hardlined our Soviet pipeline strategy, despite the pleas of our NATO allies and U.S. companies with subsidiaries abroad, a strategy that George Shultz had to spend an inordinate amount of time unraveling. Later, when the MX became a hot issue, Cap rejected one Rube Goldberg basing mode (the racetrack) for a bigger one (the piggy-back "Big Bird" aircraft with a wingspan wider than a football field). Then Cap stood aside while NSC aide Tom Reed sold the dense-pack basing mode, finally climbing on board himself at the 11th hour, just in time to watch it self-destruct during the lame-duck session.

Given this history, almost all Washington conservatives, whether traditionalists or reformers, are minimally agreed on this: Cap, and the Administration generally, have failed to educate the American people on our national security needs and goals, and thereby failed to extend the base of support for rearmament that they had in 1981. The Administration has frittered away what was the biggest pro-defense base since Pearl Harbor.

National Survival

"What Weinberger has given us," says one Republican congressman, "is a Carter budget, enhanced. There's been no fundamental rethinking of the system." Reagan, he notes, gave us a revolution in the economics sector and, to a lesser extent, in the social sector. But in national security, there has been no revolution, not even any systematic analysis.

If Cap is not producing fresh ideas on national defense, the reformers are, with Georgia conservative Newt Gingrich weighing in heavily. Gingrich—who was a military brat and has been an academic—is in the middle of a multi-foundation-sponsored study on national survival that will examine how the defense system should be redefined to make it work.

First, Mr. Gingrich wants to learn why the free-enterprise system has been so largely excluded from the Pentagon's spending processes. "Right now," says Gingrich, "we are doing for defense procurement what the Russians are doing for their consumer society: managing it by a highly socialized, tightly controlled kind of *Gosplan*"—a staggering irony.

Gingrich, who has been mining old Eisenhower and Taft speeches for his study, and who spends about a third of his time year in, year out on defense matters, has a second idea that he is probing: a heavily trained citizen army with a full-time, paid professional cadre. No Administration, even a conservative one, is ever going to communicate to the people the dangers we face until the nation has ten to twenty thousand reservists per congressional district who are spending one Saturday a month in training, Gingrich believes.

Time for Retreat

What with Messrs. Kuhn and Gingrich and other conservatives bent on military reform (to say nothing of your run-of-the-mill liberals), there will be no letup for Cap Weinberger and the Administration. Just as well. Cap has to be taught the lessons of retreat. If you're forced to retreat, you never retreat only a tiny bit, as Cap has been doing. This does nothing to relieve the pressure. The trick is to retreat far enough and fast enough to buy the time to regroup and counterattack. By giving up only half an inch at a time, Weinberger will never get off the defensive, and will never be able to reshape the debate nor regenerate the agenda.

What Heritage should do now is call an open conference, and expose Kuhn, Gingrich, and other reformers to conservatives of all stripes. The resulting eruption in the media might blast the conservatives out of their present outrageous malpositioning: entrapped into assuming and asserting that at the Pentagon there is no waste, and no problem—just send money. Likewise, Mr. Reagan needs an engine to move him off that indefensible salient and put him on the offensive, where he belongs. □

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Meeting Japan's Challenge

Thirteenth in a Series

MOTOROLA'S TWO-PART STRATEGY FOR COMPETING WITH JAPAN.

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The previous ads in this series have described positive steps we are taking to compete with Japan. These include development of more advanced technologies, greater precision and quality in manufacturing, and the production advantages achieved through our Participative Management Program.

These have become the key building blocks of our business *offense.* They make for more effective competition, improved products and systems, better service, and lower costs. We have applied these principles in our operations here at home, and in many areas around the world, including Japan. We are confident that these efforts will ensure success, provided they are practiced in business atmospheres with free market conditions, where one company can compete against another and protectionism is at a minimum.

However, Japanese government policies and actions over the last 25 years have substantially changed conditions of international competition to the disadvantage of independent American firms. They have done this by extreme protectionism at home and by collective targeting abroad.

For this reason, our strategy must also include a *defense.* It is a defense against Japan's government-ordained, concerted targeting by selected companies that aims to dominate whole industries worldwide. Their tactics, many of which would be considered illegal if we were to practice them in the U.S., threaten independent companies here.

Briefly, we seek to ensure by all appropriate means that the market-distorting effects of Japanese government and business policies and actions do not undermine the competitiveness of U.S. industries. We will petition and encourage the U.S. government to remedy violations of domestic statutes and internationally agreed rules such as dumping and patent infringement.

We will also promote the development of new government policy approaches to enable the United States to deal more effectively with the excesses of foreign government-supported and protected competitors. If and when our foreign competitors take illegal advantage here, or are given artificial advantages as a result of their government policy, we will urge the U.S. government to eliminate, counter, or offset those advantages.

The concerted challenge from Japan is serious. It requires a serious response—one which alerts and mobilizes government in recognition of the high stakes involved. Both a strong offense and defense are required to ensure success.

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Arms: Drama and Reality

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

In my last column, I wrote about the Soviet-backed "peace" campaigns in the West. I turn now to a quite different aspect of the same problem: the arms-control negotiations between the U.S. and the USSR.

Without counting the interminable talks on "mutual and balanced force reductions" (MBFR) in Vienna, which concern conventional forces, there are two sets of talks latterly resumed: those concerning intermediate-range (or "theater") nuclear weapons; and START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks), the well-named successor to the ill-starred SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks). The former resumed on January 27, the latter on February 2.

Arms talks are high drama; they are also low-key exchanges *in camera*. The trouble is that the theaters which stage the high drama happen to be entirely in the West. As in all matters of public policy, but especially in matters of peace and armaments, the Soviet side has been letting loose a continuous barrage of propaganda. That is its contribution to the high drama, and is intended entirely for Western audiences.

The Western side, especially the Americans, responds with propaganda of its own, and that too is intended entirely for Western audiences, for the simple reason that there *are* no audiences in the Soviet Union. The Soviet people are allowed to hear and see only what the ruling Communist Party wants them to see and hear.

The object of the Soviet propaganda barrage is simple enough: it is to discredit any Western positions, in particular President Reagan's position, and to make the Soviet side appear, in contrast, as reasonable people who, unlike the hawkish President, are dedicated to peace.

The real work of negotiating arms-control agreements goes on, or is supposed to go on, in secret, behind closed doors. Unlike the Soviet negotiators, whose only problem is not to step out of the agreed party line, the Western teams cannot ignore any public clamor that may have been stirred up by Soviet propaganda and the West's response to it. All the time, the Americans have to think whether they can carry public opinion with them, and especially whether they can find the necessary support, when the moment of decision has arrived, within Congress.

In this context, the propaganda or theater side of the negotiations is, unfortunately, immensely important. The American side cannot, or ought not, ignore the Soviet barrage. It must respond, or its case goes by default. The trouble, in this unavoidably one-sided situation, is that too often Western (i.e., American) positions are dismissed as "mere" propaganda or as "unrealistic," whereas the Soviets are praised for their apparent willingness to make bargaining concessions (which, on close examination, usually turn out to be non-concessions).

The Soviet Advantage

Let us leave START to one side for now. These talks are in the "apocalyptic" category. I am not saying that they are unimportant, but their importance lies at some point in the future.

The talks that really concern us, here and now, for reasons of urgency I have discussed more than once, are the talks about intermediate-range weapons. I repeat the central point. Since the late 1970s, the Soviets have built up a massive and menacing imbalance in their favor by deploying the three-headed SS-20s targeted on Western Europe.

They do not wish to forgo this decisive advantage, which they would lose if the European allies went ahead, as agreed, and deployed 108 Pershing IIs and 464 cruise missiles. To retain their superiority, they resort to all manner of stratagems. One is to declare that the British and French nuclear missiles must be counted in any assessment of the balance of nuclear forces in Europe. Another is to offer to reduce the number of SS-20s already deployed, on condition that deployment of the new American weapons does not go ahead.

The attempt to include British and French weapons is pure mystification. These are weapons of last resort, to be used only if either country came under Soviet nuclear attack or believed it was about to. In Britain, and now also in France, any attempt to include national deterrents in the "theater" calculation is totally rejected.

As for a reduction in the SS-20s, almost any reduction falling short of, say, 90 per cent would still leave the Soviet camp with an intolerable advantage, and therefore create or perpetuate a danger of war. The disturbed balance can be restored only in one of two ways: either the "zero option" proposed by President Reagan (under which the Soviets would destroy all their SS-20s and the Americans would abandon plans to deploy Pershing II and cruise); or a reduction, by whatever number is negotiable, of deployed SS-20s, to be matched by a corresponding reduction of Pershing IIs and cruises (to be measured by numbers of *warheads*, not of missiles).

Now the Russians are trying another ploy. Instead of dismantling the SS-20s or reducing their number, they would remove all or some of them beyond the Urals. This may sound attractive but would leave the security problem virtually untouched, in that even beyond the Urals, the SS-20s could still reach most West European targets; and, the SS-20 being mobile, the missiles could simply be brought back to European Russia in a crisis.

The Zero Option

It is against this background that the value of the zero option has to be considered. The issue is not, as some people think (including, I am sorry to report, Franz Josef Strauss of Germany), whether the zero option is "realistic." What indeed does "realistic" mean? Acceptable to the Soviets, that's what. The fact remains that if it were accepted by them, the zero option would be a very real, a major, contribution to world peace. And if it is not acceptable to the Russians, it is still valuable in two respects: it is good Western theater, and good propaganda in that by rejecting it (that is, declaring it to be unrealistic) the Russians expose their own insincerity.

I am sorry the President has found it necessary to fire Eugene Rostow and Richard Starr (in Vienna) if only because of the impression given that there is confusion on the American side. But I hope we find time to applaud the American team when it comes up with good theater. □

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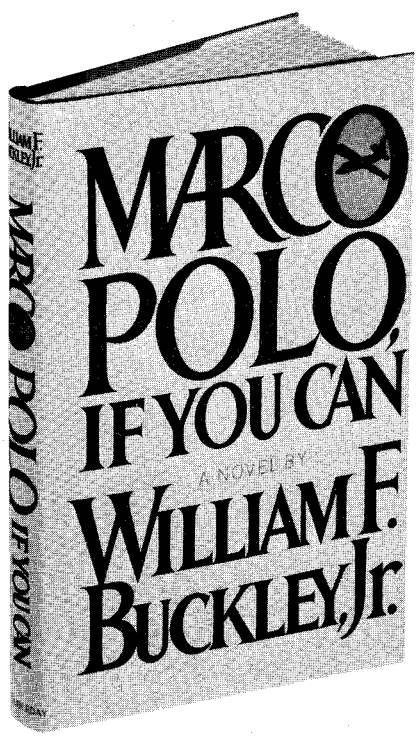

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TARIFFS

Needed: A Strategic Economic Policy

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT and people need to wake up to some hard facts about international trade today. They understand the military and political challenges facing our country. What they don't comprehend is that the United States is the target of *economic* warfare. They do not understand that without a strategic economic policy, the United States will lose its position as the number-one industrial power in the world.

Twenty years ago, the United States enjoyed economic pre-eminence. Today, its economic position is steadily weakening. The International Public Policy Research Corporation recently pointed out that "economically, the United States industrial base has eroded, capital needs are astronomical, work-force productivity is falling, and foreign competition grows fiercer every day." But our public officials dream on. Murray L. Weidenbaum, for example, while he was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, contributed an article to *Tax Review* in which he counseled against any government action to oppose the efforts of foreign countries to dominate our domestic market, arguing that imports put dollars into foreign hands—dollars which can be used to buy our exports. The "benefits of trade," he said, "are nearly always a two-way street."

That thesis, which prevails today, is unexamined. If you apply it seriously, then a flood of Japanese cars, or textiles from Korea and Hong Kong, must be an unalloyed blessing for the American people. But ask American textile and automobile manufacturers and their employees how *they* view these imports. As for trade being a two-way street, how many American cars are sold in Japan? Lionel Olmer, Under Secretary of Commerce, has frankly admitted, "You have to be naïve to the extreme to think that Japan is really open now." The president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Japan has said that the Japanese have an "ingrained antipathy to anything from outside." But no one can accuse the U.S. of not being open. In 1982, according to the Department of Commerce, the U.S. trade deficit with Japan totaled $16.8 billion.

What this adds up to is that it is naïve to continue to refer to "trading partners," as we still tend to do. The term suggests a degree of cooperation that is absent from our trade relations with Japan and with the newly industrializing countries of Asia.

A generation ago, when international trade was between companies, the competition was healthy. Weidenbaum and many other free-market economists continue to think in those terms. Today, however, American companies are competing against foreign *countries*: they are in competition with companies that either are virtual arms of their governments, or are at least guided, directed, or subsidized by those governments.

Japanese companies are shifting to new industrial operations with massive capital lent by the Bank of Japan. Japanese railway makers sell their products to American cities with subsidies from the Japanese National Railways. South Korea is building a $3.3-billion steel works (bigger than anything in the United States) to produce steel for the American market. The Belgian government is giving massive financial aid to its sick steel industry. British Steel, a nationalized enterprise, dumps steel in the U.S. market in order to maintain employment at home. The French government is in the automobile business, and Mitterrand recently nationalized French banks that do business in the United States.

Yair Aharoni, writing in the *Columbia Journal of World Business*, rightly says: "The expansion of state-owned enterprises across industries, across countries, and in international trade is a new phenomenon in the history of industrial capitalism." He describes the world market share of state-owned enterprises as "staggering."

New complications continue to emerge, such as the involvement of foreign governments in companies that appear to be American. Milton D. Stewart, editor of *INC.*, the Boston-based business magazine, warns that "We are going to live more and more in our own country with 'domestic' firms whose owners are foreign companies and even foreign governments." He cites the case of Elf Aquitaine, an oil company controlled by the French government, which recently bought a large interest in Texasgulf. "What is important," he said, "is that the French government—[at present] socialist—will wind up owning control of a billion-dollar American company."

Mr. Harrigan is president of the United States Industrial Council.

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American economists—and conservatives are no exception—have failed to pay adequate attention to these new developments. They must now begin to consider some of the implications. How, for example, does one categorize a company that is partly owned by a foreign government—especially a socialist government? Does foreign-government activity in the U.S. domestic market constitute an acceptable form of state intrusion in our free-market system? How do we treat foreign enterprises that aren't interested in profits so much as in market share or in high employment at home, as is often the case with Japanese concerns? What is the probability that the foreign competition may weaken small and medium-sized businesses in the United States and force unwanted industrial concentration?

American economists have not begun to study these questions in sufficient depth. They have not described the realities of the Japanese economic system, have not told the American public that the principal Japanese goal is market share. Nor do Americans understand that after the Japanese get the market share they want, we will become cruelly dependent on Japan's products. If our steel industry were to collapse under the weight of foreign competition—guided competition—we could have a steel OPEC in our future.

Our dependence on foreign products grows year by year. Japanese auto companies continue to take a larger and larger share of the U.S. auto market. They have also made serious inroads in the field of components. It has been predicted that Detroit will buy 25 per cent of its parts overseas by 1985 and 35 per cent by 1990, up from 6 per cent in 1982.

Some observers point to Japanese-owned plants in the United States as an answer at least to the employment portion of this problem. But the Nissan Company, which is building a $500-million plant in Tennessee, will produce only 38 per cent of its Datsun automobile there; the rest of the vehicle, including the engine, will be manufactured in Japan.

Another solution adopted by some American auto companies is to form partnership arrangements with Japanese companies. But the Americans will be the junior partners. Is that in America's national interest? Americans aren't being hard-nosed about this situation. They aren't even considering a strategic economic policy. They aren't asking themselves: Do we really want money to flow to Tokyo instead of to Detroit?

One of the few people to put the situation in proper perspective is Paul Seabury, professor of political science at UC Berkeley. In a study entitled "America's Stake in the Pacific," Seabury warns that "by the turn of the century, the combined industrial power of Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Malaysia will far exceed that of the United States or Western Europe. By then, the center of the world's wealth (defined as productivity) will have moved decisively from its historical location to another one."

Water Boy for Japan

How can this be? Japan and the newly industrialized countries of Asia are almost without energy and mineral resources. The United States and its North American neighbors, Canada and Mexico, are rich in oil, gas, and minerals. This country has an unrivaled railroad system for moving coal and other heavy materials. It has brain power in abundance. It has a tremendous technological capability and a huge educational establishment to support advances in technology. Are we to surrender economic leadership to resource-deficient countries? Is the American standard of living to decline, despite these resources, while the Japanese standard rises?

I submit that the principal reason for our worsening situation is a lack of realism with respect to global economic developments. Our notions of international trade are decades behind the times. It is shocking that we should be a resource base for Japan, supplying grain, soybeans, rice, and timber, and, in return, getting the manufactured goods we once produced in vast quantity and superlative quality. As Professor Seabury says, "To Japan, America is now a

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—Charles L. Bro

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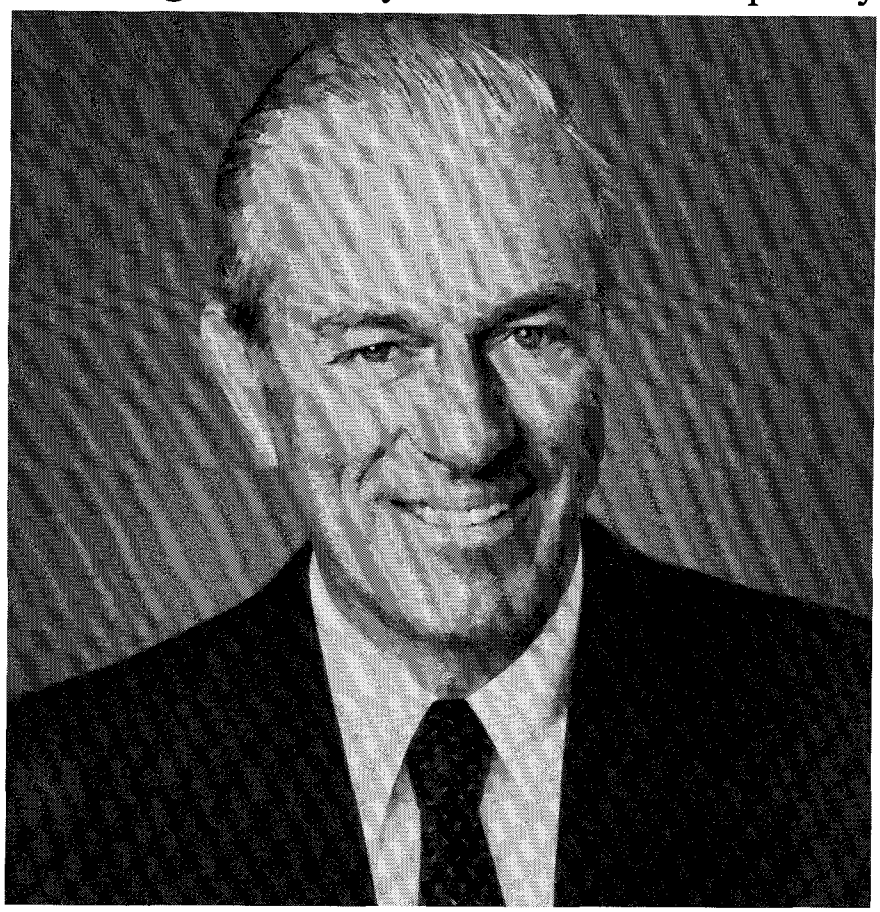

We're adapting our business to what the public expects.

I'd be less than truthful if I didn't say we have mixed feelings about breaking up a 100-year-old institution which has served the nation very well. On the other hand, we cannot live outside our times. And clearly, the times have changed. The American people really don't want monopoly, no matter how well regulated. They want competition and the choices that brings.

Technology has changed as well. Not too long ago, data processing was one thing, communications another. That's no longer true. As a result, many companies here and abroad have the technical know-how as well as the marketing resources to deliver high-quality communications products, services, and systems. Thus, the Bell System could not expect to operate and do business as it always has.

Never underestimate the resourcefulness and dedication of telephone people to figure out how to reach a goal.

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ITURE, NOT DEMOLITION."

airman of the Board, AT&T

The task of divesting is vastly complicated. But we have the human talent. We have the engineering and scientific resources. And we have our pride.

While our companies will be radically changed, the basic aims of AT&T and the telephone companies will not change: to serve the communications needs of the nation, and to assure America its place as a leader in high technology worldwide.

Restructured by a Consent Decree with the Justice Department, the new AT&T will be able to develop and apply its technologies to the fullest.

In considering the Consent Decree proposal, we thought long and hard about whether the new structure would imperil our ability to serve. And of course we never would have accepted any terms that automatically would have degraded the quality of service to the nation. The Decree gives us the opportunity to build even better communications services and systems because it removes the arbitrary constraints which have limited us in the applications of our technologies.

We're eager to bring the benefits of all our innovations to the consumer in the competitive Information Age marketplace.

Both AT&T and the local phone companies have a bright future.

We're at the heart of the fastest growing, most promising industry in the country. The new AT&T—with its long-distance network and its new subsidiary, American Bell, plus Western Electric and Bell Labs—is in league with the future.

The telephone companies, which already provide a local communications system reaching virtually every home and business, are enhancing the quality and capability of their local lines so they can handle total information services: voice, video, data, even the new cellular mobile phone services. We are pledged to divest these companies in sound financial shape. We will keep that pledge.

This industry is where the opportunities and the excitement are.

If we have a truly competitive communications marketplace, with regulation only where it is needed, I believe AT&T and the divested telephone companies have a significant and constructive role to play in revitalizing the American economy and in maintaining and enhancing US technological leadership in communications.

The Bell System as we now know it will be no more. We will divest. But we are not demolishing the promise of tomorrow. That promise is alive and well. Bell System people are ready for new directions.

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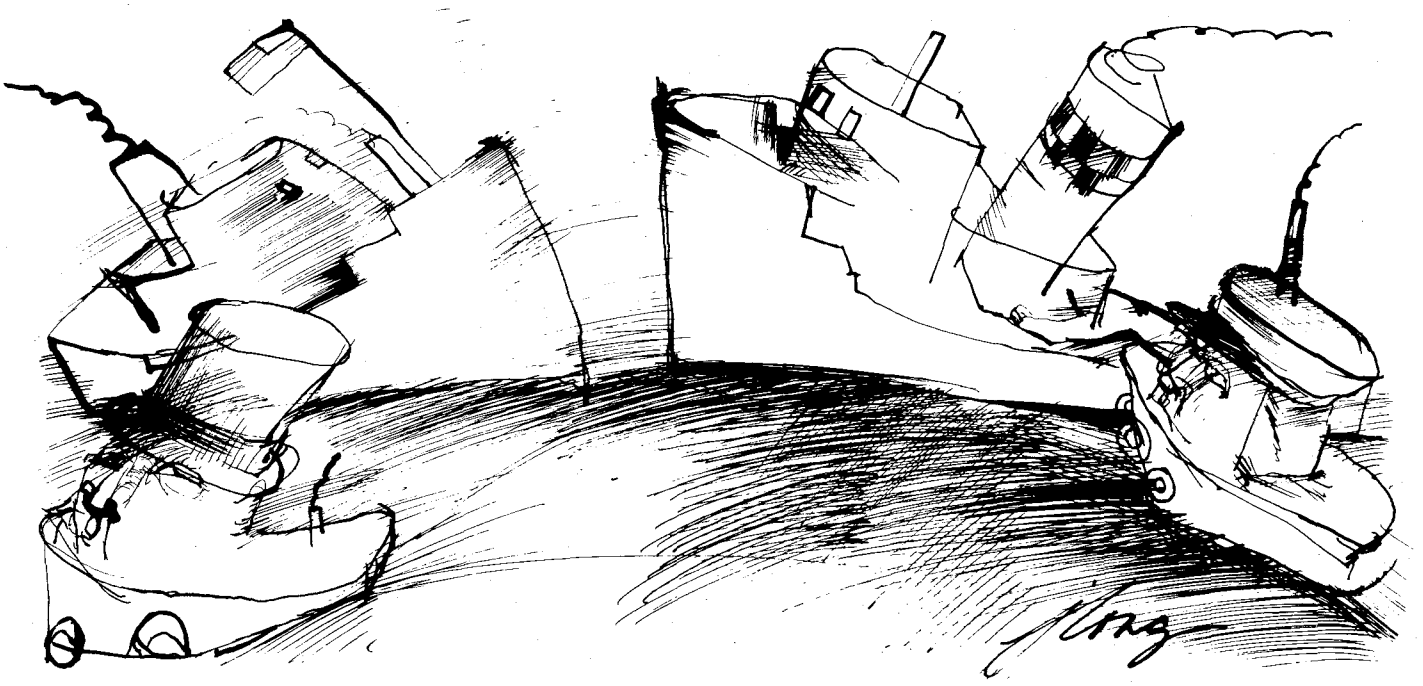

hewer of wood and a drawer of water." America's leaders make dogmatic references to free trade, without grasping that the trade situation is a battle, and that the outcome will determine the standard of living and the national security of the American people.

There also is the factor of economic defeatism. A typical article in MIT's *Technology Review* argues that Americans no longer are good at making things and must get accustomed to the idea that manufacturing will shift to other countries. It advocates that the United States concentrate on a service economy involving the thinking industries. But if the 2.5 million employees of the American textile industry lose their jobs because of imports from countries where workers are paid 25 cents an hour, where will these Americans find employment? They won't be offered jobs as computer programers. The truth is that the United States requires a mix of industries to stay healthy.

At this point, I want to say that I admire the economic achievements of Japan and other Asian countries. The Asians have performed miracles, importing raw materials and energy and producing high-quality goods at modest prices. Americans are responsible for their own troubles. Aside from a lack of concern for our national economic interests, we have allowed powerful unions to obtain wage settlements unrelated to productivity.

However, the way to cure this malady is not to give in to it. We must be as zealous in defending our economic interest as the Japanese are in advancing theirs.

Japan's Insurance: Made in U.S.A.

One advantage the United States has given Japan is a free ride on defense—an advantage unique among major independent nations. Japan's security is guaranteed by the United States. This allows Japan to devote to international economic offense the resources that otherwise would be devoted to national defense.

Former Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson, writing in the *NATO Review*, has pointed out that the Japanese do not actually see themselves as partners with the United States, "but rather as holders of an American insurance policy with remarkably reasonable annual premiums." This was demonstrated when then-Prime Minister Suzuki was fiercely criticized for issuing, after his meeting with President Reagan, a communiqué suggesting that Japan is a defense partner of the United States. As Secretary Johnson noted, "An attack against U.S. forces anywhere outside the territory of Japan does not require the Japanese to do anything."

Former Senator Paul J. Fannin of Arizona estimates that American taxpayers subsidized Japan to the extent of $70 billion in 1981. The $70 billion, he said, is the difference between what the Japanese actually spent on national defense and what they would have had to spend for defense if they had not been able to "freeload" on the United States. That indirect subsidy, he said, lowers their national budget by 20 per cent. "With this tremendous advantage," he added, "the Japanese now dominate one after another of our markets. Radio, TV, recorders, small calculators, motorcycles, bicycles, sporting goods; and now the manufacturing of [automobiles], farm machinery, road equipment, and electric generators is suffering from this subsidized competition."

A new national strategic economic policy, however, would have to go beyond demanding compensation for the defense we provide various Asian nations. If the U.S. is not to be simply a resource base for these nations, sweeping new trade arrangements and agreements must be negotiated. It is no benefit to the American consumer to get a Japanese car at a low price if the full price is the gradual phase-out of the U.S. auto industry.

More than a decade ago, W. H. Dozer, general manager of DuPont Far East Inc., described the Japanese business establishment in these terms, which are as apt today as they were then: *monolithic*—overwhelming similarity regardless of individual, company, or location; *nationalistic*—national interests transcend corporate; *restrictive*—factors other than economics control the freedom of management; *exclusive*—for the Japanese only: foreigners are just tolerated; *planned*—controlled, adjusted, well-coordinated; *uneconomic*—making a profit is not the controlling objective. Furthermore,

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he said, "the Japanese business establishment represents a positive, united, and coordinated effort between business and government. In fact, the whole Japanese society is engaged in a planned program directed toward the common objective of enhancing Japanese national interests. It must be recognized that in the direction of, or in concert with, the government, almost every phase of the economy is subject to government control and planning. National objectives are established. Export quotas are set. Certain industries are earmarked for special arrangements." This is precisely what well-intentioned American economists like Murray Weidenbaum don't understand.

And the Japanese aren't the only ones who treat trade as an offensive weapon. Around the world, barriers are put up to keep out American products, while imports come into the U.S. in a flood that threatens to swamp our industries.

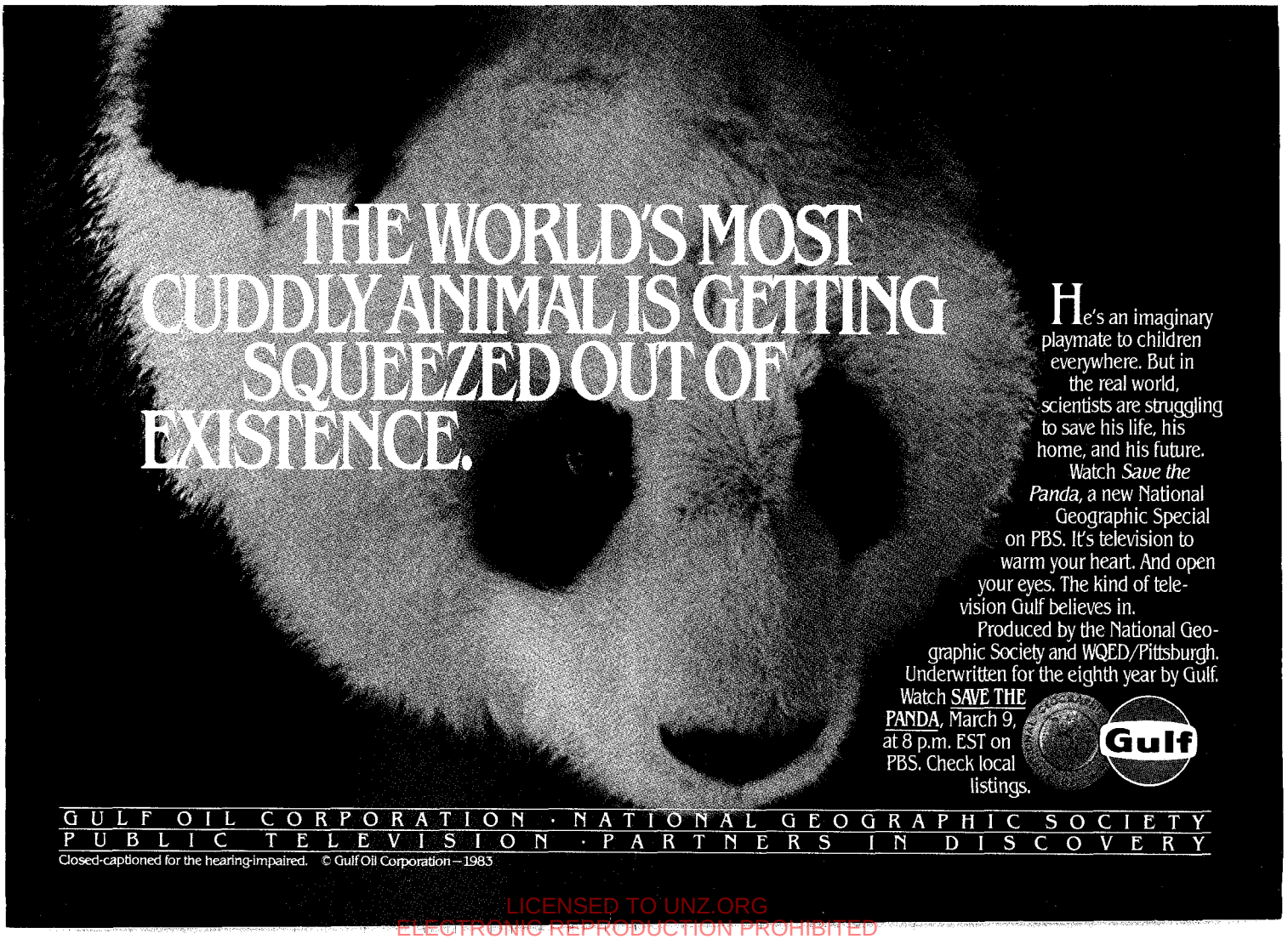
No word is more scorned today than trade protection. Yet there is a desperate need for protection in some form—protection against foreign governments—if our industries are to survive, threatened as they are both by newly industrialized nations that combine low wage scales with the most modern machinery, and by highly advanced countries where government direction and subsidization is a way of life.

The free-trade purist holds up his hands in horror at any suggestion of this sort. At home, however, we seek to promote genuine free trade through the operation of antitrust laws. Why should we not insist on measures to promote genuine free trade—fair trade—in international circles?

At the water's edge we run into the zone of national security. And national economic security is part of that. We already impose national security considerations on strategic trade with the Soviet Union and other adversaries. There is need for a general understanding that governments which own or guide and subsidize international enterprises are engaged in national political and economic offensives. They are trying to change the economic balance of power in the world, precisely as the USSR is determined to change the military balance of power. International trade, therefore, is a vital strategic operation for many countries.

The trade offensives by advanced countries are a problem distinct from the problem posed by the demands of the Third World for a new international economic order. Fortunately, the United States has taken a firm stand against the kind of international rip-off represented by the demands for massive new transfer payments, for a global redistribution of wealth. Unfortunately, the United States has yet to recognize the separate peril associated with the new pattern of economic encroachment by the industrialized or industrializing countries.

It is essential that Americans see their economic, military, political, and technological problems as being all of a piece. At the moment, we treat our military and geopolitical objectives as two sides of the same coin. Alas, the need to preserve our technological superiority receives far scanter attention. Americans must become vastly more tough-minded if the United States is to enter the twenty-first century with the economic strength it had at the middle of the twentieth. □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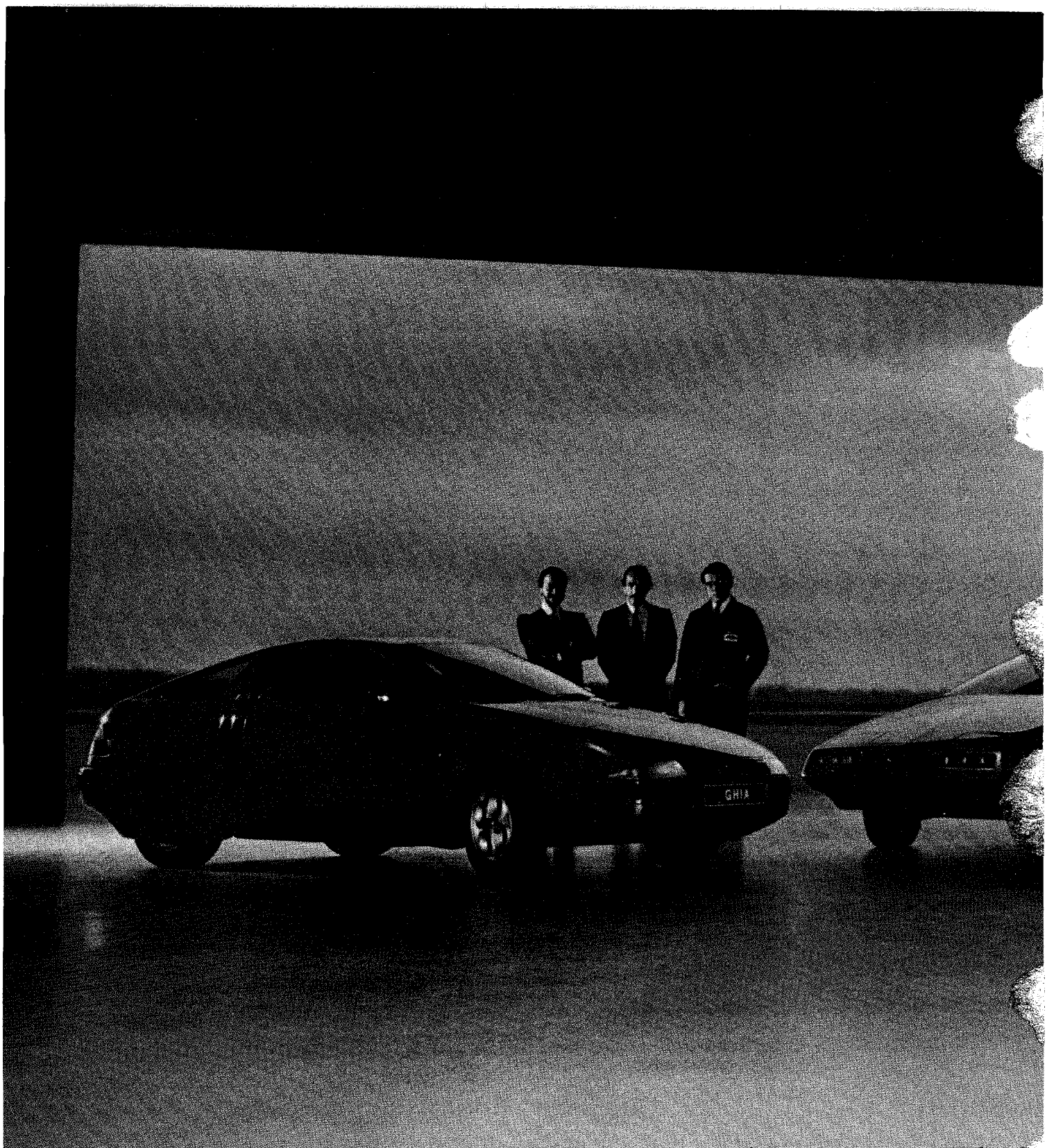

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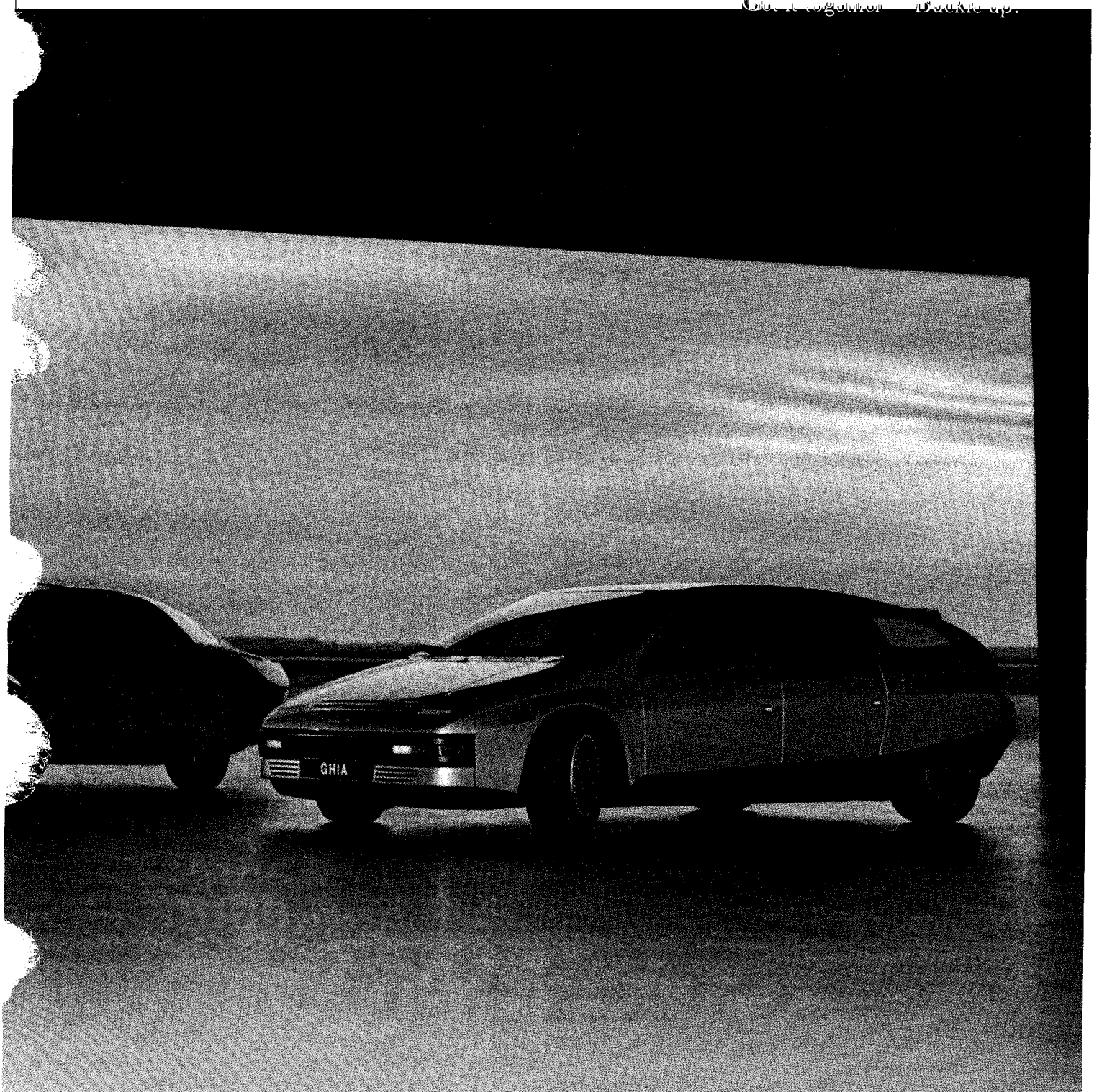

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TARIFFS

Don't Slam the Door

WALTER OLSON

ANTHONY HARRIGAN is a man with a lot of grievances. He objects when other countries sell us tape decks and terrycloth towels, because it means they are waging "international economic warfare" against us. He objects when we sell them lumber and grain in return, because that makes us "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for them. (When we rely on them for tape decks and towels and they rely on us for food, he thinks we are "cruelly dependent" on them, not vice versa.) He objects when foreign firms relieve us of unpleasant low-wage work, like textile making. He particularly objects when a foreign firm takes a lower profit in order to offer American citizens an especially good deal. Basically he seems to object almost every time a shipment of anything crosses a national border.

All the ills of the nation, it appears, are the work of the import devil. Sluggish productivity growth is due to increased foreign competition, not the other way around. You might think, from Harrigan's description, that productivity has been stagnating in the fields in which the United States competes in world markets, like agriculture and the high-tech industries, and leaping ahead in the fields in which it does not, like government services, utilities, and home building. In fact, the case is more nearly the reverse. You might also think that American unions had been steadily agreeing to productive work-rule changes until foreign competition came along, and only then began to hold out. And there again the exact reverse is true. If it weren't for Japanese imports, would the United Auto Workers ever have agreed to concessions?

Protectionism is very old, of course; the first protectionist probably convinced his audience shortly before the onset of the first economic depression. But Harrigan promises to give us new and fresh arguments for protectionism. Free trade might have been all right as recently as a generation ago, he allows, but times have changed. Economists haven't been paying attention to these new developments, he asserts; they are still mired in the theories of yesteryear.

It turns out that he really has only one new development in mind. Many foreign businesses are being subsidized by their governments, and some are actually government-owned. What's more, the governments, in league with the businesses, are pursuing "strategic economic policies," planning campaigns to boost their export sales. At the same time, the foreign governments are denying American companies access to their markets. Unless we respond at once, Harrigan warns, foreign businesses will out-compete their American rivals, and foreign standards of living will outstrip ours.

If, as this implies, government planning and subsidies are really the ticket to economic prosperity, the United States does indeed have a lot of catching up to do: it is way behind Western Europe, to say nothing of Tanzania and the USSR. For the past year or two a few neo-liberal writers have been urging us to catch up in this way. They argue that because the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) has friendly relations with Japanese businesses, it should therefore be credited with "planning" or "managing" the growth of those businesses. It is obvious why this idea (false though it is) appeals to the liberal Left; it makes Japan's economic success a success story of big government. It is not at all obvious why it appeals to a conservative like Harrigan.

MITI Knows Best

In the first place, this does not explain the success of Asian economies, such as Hong Kong's, which lack anything remotely resembling government direction of investment, or of Asian industries like shoes and textiles, where hundreds of small firms are in no way coordinated by any conspiratorial hand, public or private. According to Adam Meyerson's persuasive account in the *Wall Street Journal* (July 14, 1980), it does not apply to Japanese heavy industry either. MITI's talents, such as they are, seem to consist of doing the exact opposite of what Harrigan recommends: spotting industries in which Japan suffers from a competitive disadvantage and urging authorities not to prop up those industries through subsidies and import restrictions. For instance, Japan has let its shipbuilding industry decline and has never sought to attract an aircraft industry, even

Mr. Olson is a contributing editor of NR *and associate editor of the American Enterprise Institute's magazine* Regulation.

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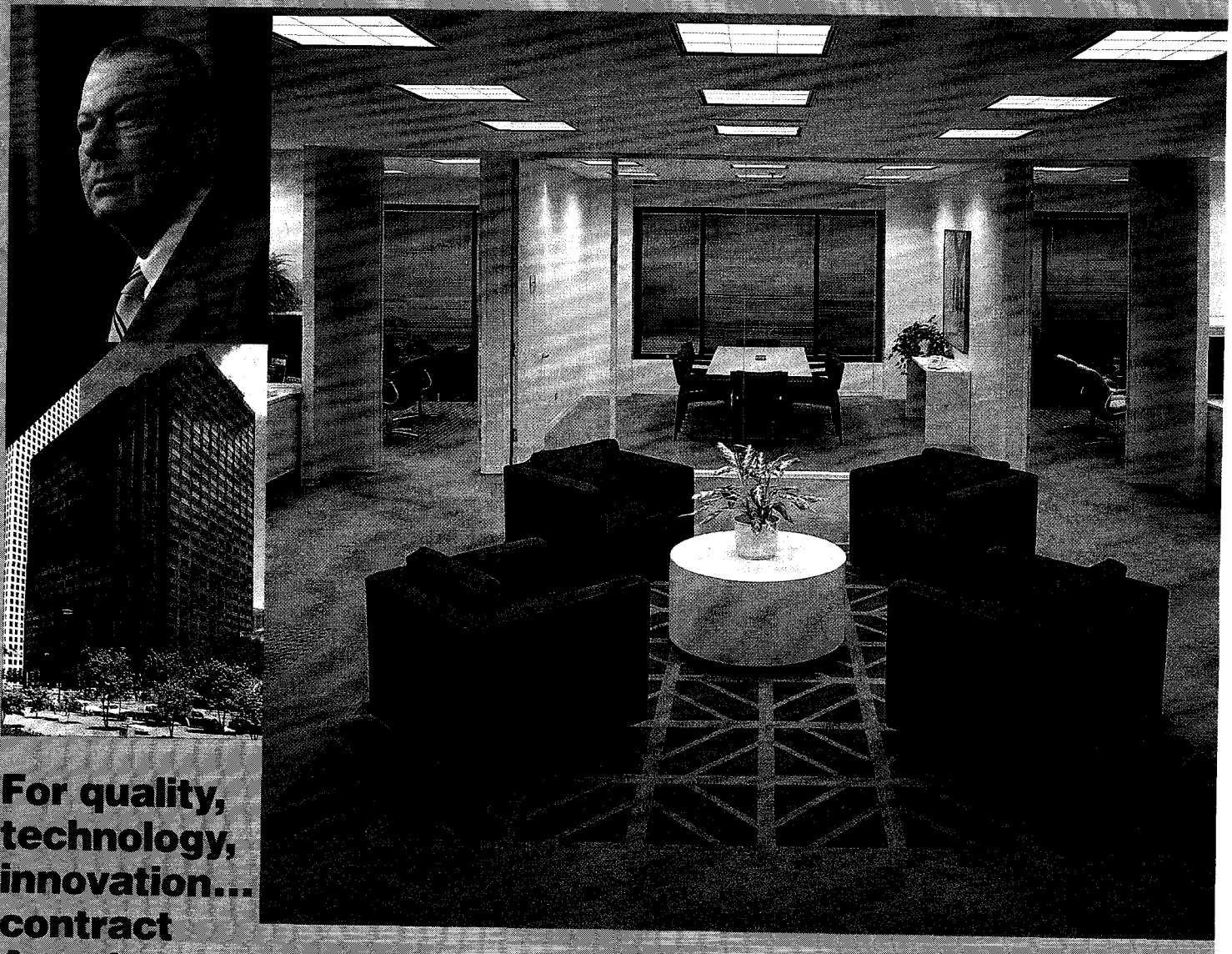

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though both might be thought essential to an island trading nation. (George Gilder says MITI has not done well even at picking losers: it thought autos were a "sunset" industry and tried to discourage Honda and Toyota from expanding.)

It is perfectly true that other industrial powers sometimes subsidize exports and protect their home markets. Britain is a good example. Because of union pressure, Britain, as Harrigan says, keeps on paying its miners to dig expensive British coal instead of importing cheap American coal. The higher cost helps make British steel uncompetitive on world markets, so London has to subsidize that industry too. And then state-owned British Leyland buys expensive British steel, which helps make its autos uncompetitive, so that company too needs subsidies.

Common Market countries, and Japan, also protect their farmers by keeping out cheap American foodstuffs. They do this mostly because they have vocal protectionists of their own. But they also fear that the United States will someday withdraw from international trade and cut off its food exports. They are not likely to abandon this fear until we convince them that we will never heed the counsel of our own protectionists.

L.A.: Grow It Yourself

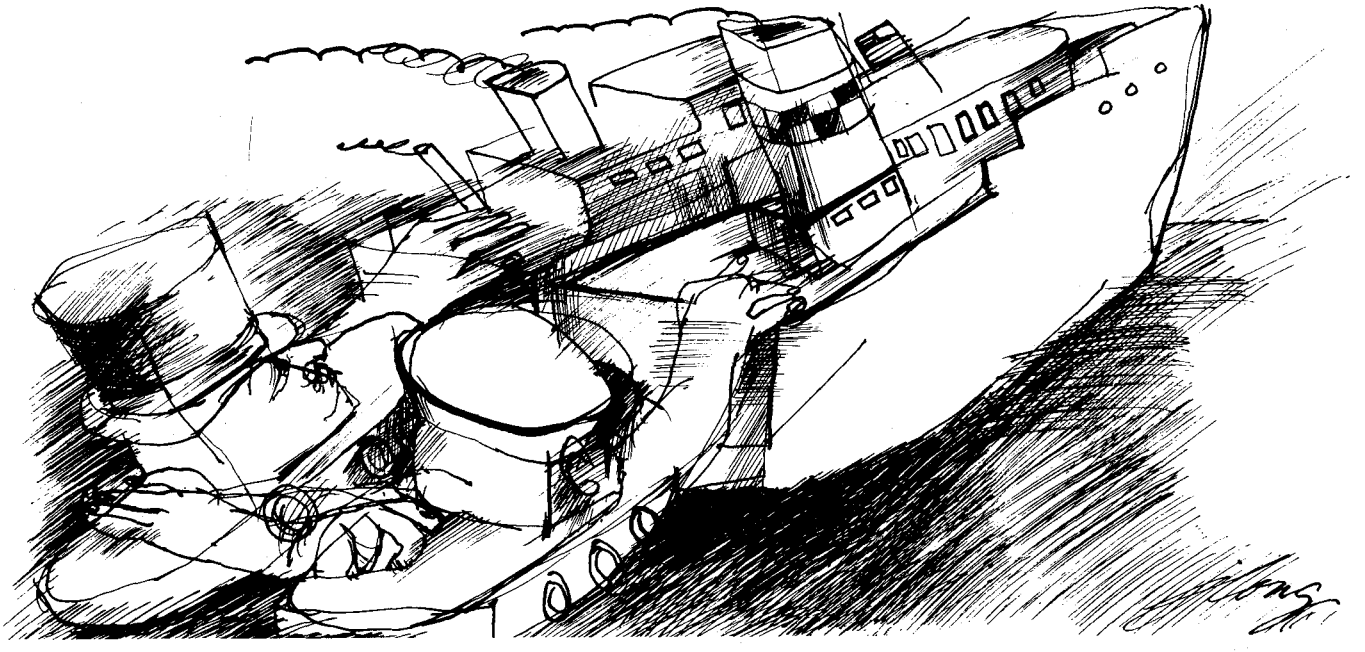
Despite these barriers, American farmers still manage to feed much of the world. This fact, a source of great pride to them, is apparently a source of bitter shame to Harrigan. He objects to our supplying Japan with food and other produce, for example. But what alternatives are implied by his objection? Should Japan squeeze enough food out of its tiny, rocky islands to feed itself? And if so, why stop there? American farmers also hew wood and draw water for American city-dwellers. Why shouldn't Los Angeles, too, have to grow its own food?

Once you disapprove of the division of labor along lines of comparative advantage, the workings of international trade become inscrutable and threatening. Are Kansas farmers trading wheat for Toyotas? Then one side must be exploiting the other. Is trade flourishing between two friendly nations? Then they must really be waging a war of mutual domination. Are crowded urban countries with no natural resources exporting manufactured goods to support themselves? Then lay down the law! Shut the ports! Starve them out!

In an article that implicitly advocates cutting off our food exports, it is almost a bad joke to raise the specter of a cartel in steel or textiles. But raise it Mr. Harrigan does. Never mind that steel is produced in dozens of countries, located on every continent, or that it can easily be stockpiled or reclaimed from scrap. Furthermore, Harrigan's steel-OPEC argument ignores the lessons of the real OPEC. OPEC's main customer, the United States, actually subsidized oil imports and discouraged domestic oil production through the "entitlements" program and price controls on domestic oil. President Reagan dealt OPEC its worst blow simply by eliminating those two policies. The European steel-producing countries lack the means to set up a steel OPEC; they even lack the will. They are keeping their steel production unnaturally high because they want to maximize employment, and they are not about to cut production below the market level by joining a steel cartel.

The phenomenon of export subsidies is, says Harrigan, so novel that economists have heretofore taken no notice of it. The fact is that export subsidies are discussed in detail in every introductory trade-theory course; they were a staple of mercantilism, and Adam Smith devoted a chapter to them in *The Wealth of Nations*. He concluded that they do the exporting country no good. It is impossible for any country to subsidize all of its industries; all it can do is force some industries to support others, increasing the competitiveness of the latter on world markets but decreasing the competitiveness of the former. Belgium can give its steel an artificial advantage only by giving its computers, for example, an artificial disadvantage, and importing more or exporting fewer of them as a consequence.

The same arguments apply to the foreign state-owned firm. Anthony Harrigan and John Kenneth Galbraith may be the last writers left in the English-speaking world who think state-owned firms can out-compete their privately owned rivals. If Harrigan is afraid that François Mitterrand



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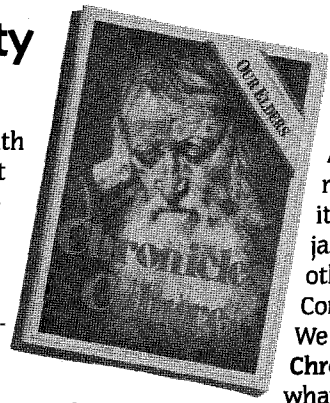

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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is going to shell out his hard-confiscated francs so that the French government can go on indefinitely subsidizing Renault's interest in American Motors, he can relax: auto workers in Kenosha, Wis. don't vote in French elections.

Harrigan argues that trade is not a "two-way street," as if Asia shipped us all sorts of goods without getting anything but slips of paper in return. (If that were true, who would be exploiting whom?) But in fact, our balance of trade is close to even, as it is always likely to be so long as the dollar floats freely against other currencies. While we ran a $13-billion deficit with respect to Japan in 1981, we ran an $8-billion surplus with respect to Western Europe, and a $7-billion surplus overall.

What Makes Us Richer?

Some friends of free trade are tempted by the idea of trying to cancel out other countries' export subsidies by imposing our own countervailing tariffs. The law now permits countervailing tariffs in the case of steel, and last October 21 the threat of such tariffs made European producers agree to curb their exports to this country. (The Federal Trade Commission estimated that an earlier tariff scheme could have cost American consumers almost half a billion dollars a year, of which around $250 million would have been sheer waste.) Such laws turn our tariff code into a penal code to punish excessive generosity to American consumers; the more irrationally generous the foreign country is, the more we punish it. Perhaps fortunately, it is impossible for Washington to measure the extent of these foreign export subsidies with any accuracy, or to prevent "hidden" subsidies. Nonetheless, it is all too possible that such tariffs would provoke retaliation or even escalate into an all-out trade war. What's more, countervailing tariffs put every steel-using industry in the United States at a cost disadvantage compared to foreign competitors. If other countries want to sell us goods at a cut rate, we should be grateful, not angry. Things make us richer, not jobs.

But, Harrigan pleads, jobs will be lost unless we stop imports. He is trying to sell protectionism to conservative readers by painting it as a gigantic government jobs program, CETA writ large, spending billions of dollars to produce at home what we could buy more cheaply elsewhere. Job loss is always the cry of the old and inefficient against the new and efficient; it was probably the cry of the ice-truck drivers and blacksmiths against refrigerators and automobiles. It is not now, any more than it ever was, a good reason to force consumers to buy what is more expensive or less well made.

A policy of adjusting to shifting trade patterns, instead of resisting them, is the way to keep our leadership in new technologies and keep American wages high. Harrigan doesn't buy that argument, declaring it impossible to retrain textile workers to run computers. To check his thesis, let's take a look at a region that long depended on decaying textile mills, namely New England. By now nearly all the old spinning mills and shoe factories there have finally closed down; not only are they no longer around to weigh the region down in recessions, but their employees have found better jobs. New England is enjoying a high-technology boom, in fact, second only to Silicon Valley's. Don't underestimate those textile workers.

If freezing trade in its current patterns would lead to near-stagnation, trying to roll it back would lead to full-scale depression. It is no coincidence that the last round of trade wars took place in the 1930s. Some economists think the infamous Smoot-Hawley tariff brought on the Depression; many others think that it and parallel measures in other countries made the Depression worse and longer-lasting than it had to be. Of course, this time we might adopt protectionism ourselves while the countries in the rest of the world went on trading with each other; in that case, we might inflict a depression on ourselves without even gaining whatever dubious satisfaction there might be in inflicting one on the rest of the world.

Finally, a word concerning the way Harrigan, and many others besides, view the capitalist countries of Asia. Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea, and Singapore are more than just material successes; they are also moral successes, built on some of the virtues we say we value, like hard work, personal responsibility, and private property. They are a continuing rebuke to leftists everywhere who thought their capitalism doomed them to eternal underdevelopment, as well as to advocates of zero population growth, who would have predicted the same result but ascribed it to overcrowding and lack of resources. Militarily, these countries are a threat to none of their neighbors; diplomatically, they generally support U.S. interests. Their reward for refusing to behave like typical Third World countries is to be the pet hate of many of the American businessmen they have emulated so well. When businessmen gather, none of them gets mad at India; that country may denounce American capitalists all it likes, but it will never offer them any competition—however low its wage rates may be—so long as it remains socialist and protectionist. But tempers are rising against Japan because it has the audacity to offer Americans things they want to buy.

Barriers of Stupidity

Surely the reason is not just the defense issue. Whether Japan should take on its own defense is a separate question; it may already be paying a price, in terms of lost influence, for its lack of military power. But so long as we are keeping the Japanese economy under our defense umbrella, we should at least let our citizens take advantage of its added prosperity by buying its products. It would make no sense at all to tax Americans as citizens to keep Japan free and dynamic and then forbid them as consumers to profit from the success of our effort.

For decades much of the rest of the world has been glad to buy American products and accept American investments in their industries. We have told them that they would be better off for it, and we were right; their economies have prospered so much that they can now trade with us as industrial equals. Now we are advised to slam the door, to tell them that they may no longer export or invest here. It is almost as if the Third World Left had convinced many American businessmen of its central contentions: that foreign investment destroys a country's sovereignty, that capitalist trade is inherently exploitative, that it is degrading to export raw materials.

Fortunately, few of the leaders of Western democracies

(Continues on page 273)

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THE LEGAL SERVICES CORPORATION

Anatomy of a Smear

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

We start with the proposition that there never has been, and there never will be, any such thing as "equal justice under law." To be equal is to be identical. In both the criminal and the civil courts, circumstances are never identical. The skill of opposing counsel, the temperament of a presiding judge, the availability of witnesses, the demeanor and even the dress of a defendant—all these can influence the outcome of cases that seem similar but are not the same. John Randolph of Roanoke scoffed at the very notion of "equality." Did he agree that all men are created equal? "I do not believe it," said Randolph, "and for the best of all reasons: because it is not so."

But if the ideal of equal justice under law is unattainable in our society, the ideal itself still shines and beckons. It is a kind of Holy Grail, always to be sought, never to be reached. And because a great many people still cherish this ideal, Congress in 1974 established the Legal Services Corporation as an independent entity within the Federal Government.

Let me intrude a personal note. As a young reporter back in the Forties, I occasionally covered what were known as the civil justice courts. There was rarely any news to be found. The courtrooms were dreary; the judges were bored; the clerks were bored. One by one, lawyers representing local merchants and landlords would step forward, asking judgments against debtors or eviction orders against tenants. The respondents sometimes were on hand, sometimes not, but they virtually never were represented by counsel, and the proceedings took no more than a minute or two: Judgment granted . . . Judgment granted . . . Order granted . . . These were poor people, often desperately poor people, many of them illiterate, most of them black. The system of civil justice ground them up and spit them out.

Remembering these Dickensian scenes, I myself plunged heart and soul into the fight nine years ago to establish the Legal Services Corporation. I wrote one column after another, pleading the cause of equal justice. I suppressed my constitutional objections to the act, and for once I did not inquire querulously into the delegation of authority to Congress to pass it. I had great hopes for the LSC. If it could not achieve equal justice, maybe it could achieve roughly equal justice.

Many of my friends on the conservative Right said I was naïve, and time has demonstrated the wisdom of their reproaches. I was naïve. In thousands of individual cases over the past eight years, lawyers for the LSC have in fact done many good things. They have aided the poor in eviction cases, small-claims cases, problems of divorce and family relations, and in getting a fair break from the agencies of government. For all these humble, workaday, non-glamorous contributions to the cause, I have nothing but praise.

Help for the Masses

But I have lost my innocence. Over the past eight years, through an interlocking maze of "national support centers," the guiding hands of the LSC have succeeded in corrupting the very core of the legal-services program. Superficially and statistically, the humble, workaday tasks continue to take up most of the corporation's time and money, but the statistics are deceptive. The covert aim of the support centers—and often the aim is not even concealed—is to establish a social agenda for the remainder of this century.

Toward this end, the support centers lobby incessantly for programs thought to benefit the masses—for consumers' rights, students' rights, tenants' rights, old folks' rights, for programs of taxation that will soak the rich and transfer income to the poor. In some instances the aim will be sought through imaginative class-action suits. Again, a bill will be lobbied through a state legislature. Under the guise of "educational materials," the support centers circulate an impressive array of bulletins to the troops. On paper, the centers last year had an appropriation of only $13.4 million, compared to $210 million for the 290 local field programs, but the figures conceal the facts. Through a labyrinthine process of fund transfers and payments for services, the field offices help fund the support centers. It is a highly efficient and successful operation.

There are 17 support centers. By way of example, there are the National Center for Immigrants' Rights and the National Health Law Program operating out of Los Angeles, the National Housing Law Project in Berkeley, and the National Center on Women and Family Law in New York. Other centers are concerned with consumer law, veterans' services, youth law, Indian law, and the like. They are directed and staffed by true believers in social reform, and they are financed by the taxpayers to carry on their social and political activism.

The Reagan Board

Owing to a superbly orchestrated series of events last December, the whole program will remain untouchable for at least another year. These events began to come together a month or so earlier, when the Reagan board chose Donald P. Bogard as the LSC's president. The Reagan board, it should be explained, was composed largely of members named by President Reagan during a congressional recess late in 1981. Throughout 1982, these recess nominees struggled vainly for confirmation; they also struggled with a hostile staff and with three different presidents or acting presidents —Dan J. Bradley, whom they had inherited from the Carter board; Gerald Caplan, a professor at George Washington University Law School; and Clinton Lyons, who would serve as acting president for six weeks before Bogard could take over.

On December 13, Bogard was to be installed. The board's final meeting of 1982 was scheduled for December 16-17. On December 15, the *Washington Post* exploded with a page-one story: "Legal Service Appointees Get Fat Fees." The gist of the story was that members

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of the Reagan board "have been collecting large consulting fees for their part-time jobs, at least twice as large as those paid to any previous board in the program's history."

The story created a nice sensation. It was filled with juicy tidbits. Board chairman William F. Harvey had received fees of $25,000 in the first 11 months of 1982; board member William Olson had collected $19,700. All told, the Reagan board had drawn $156,200 in "consulting fees," compared to $72,000 for the Carter board in the whole of 1981. Juiciest of all: the contract for the LSC's new president provided for "the cost of membership in a private club of your choice."

Slanted Reporting

By remarkable coincidence, it was just at this time that a House Judiciary subcommittee was holding oversight hearings on the Legal Services Corporation. The *Post*'s revelations so shocked Representative M. Caldwell Butler (R., Va.) that he said of the Reagan board, "It sounds a lot like the first thing they did was put all four feet and a snout in the trough." Representative Harold S. Sawyer (R., Mich.) said the reports "really offend me."

The board's session on December 16 was tumultuous. The national support centers, which know how to turn out a howling mob when the occasion demands, provided a howling mob. Board members were forced to escape through a back hallway in Washington's Hyatt Hotel. The *Post* contributed an editorial summation of the conduct of the Reagan board: "It is disgusting." The *New York Times*, not to be outdone by the *Post*, voiced its indignation in an editorial, "Chiseling on the Poor." The Reagan members were "bagging" money; they were "feeding on the poor."

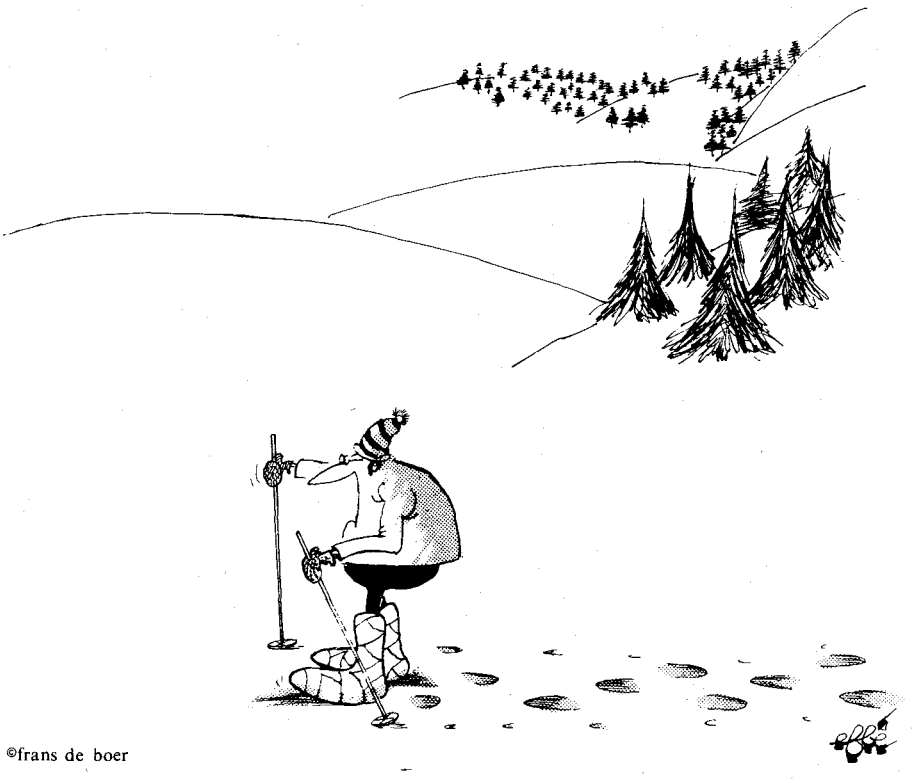
In the midst of this raucous hullabaloo, the lame-duck session of the 97th Congress agreed unthinkingly, without the slightest serious consideration, to a sly amendment sponsored by Senator Lowell Weicker (R., Conn.). The effect of the amendment is to freeze all of the LSC's grants and contracts until a new board is confirmed. Mr. Reagan has begun again the process of recess appointments, but his new appointees and the new LSC president will have no more effective authority over policy than so many eunuchs in a Turkish harem.

The *Post*'s news stories provided a shining example of slanted reporting. All the facts were available to the *Post* reporter, but somehow they never made it to page one. The "consulting fees" were in fact standard per diem payments throughout the Federal Government. The rate had been $192 in 1981; by act of Congress, the rate was $221 in 1982. That accounted for some of the increase, but the obvious explanation, studiously avoided by the *Post*, was that the Reagan board had met 25 times in 1982 while the Carter board had met nine times in 1981. The "private club" provision in Bogard's contract was not new. Thomas Ehrlich, the LSC's first president, had his dues paid in the National Lawyers Club and later in the Federal City Club. His successor, Bradley, was given his membership "in a club selected by you in the Washington, D.C., area." Clint Lyons, the six-week acting president, got membership "in a private club of your choice." What appeared at first to be outrageous bills for travel, postage, and cab fares turned out on close examination—the kind of examination expected of professional reporters—to be cumulative statements of expense, fully supported by receipts.

In any event, it all came marvelously together—the *Post* stories, the oversight hearings, the stormy meeting of the board, the nationwide explosion of wrathful editorials, and the self-righteous Weicker amendment. On January 7, Bogard did what the amendment compelled him to do: He signed grants for $215 million for programs that will fund 1,100 neighborhood law offices across the nation. And, of course, the national support centers will be comfortably funded, too.

Constraining the LSC

President Reagan, who had his fill of legal-service activists as governor of California, tried to get the LSC abolished in the 97th Congress. His idea was to replace the corporation's program with block grants to the states. Mr. Reagan got nowhere in the 97th, and he will get no further in the 98th. The House Judiciary Committee, recharged with additional liberal Democrats, will see to that. Neither is it likely that any amendments will be adopted to curb the free-wheeling support centers. That approach has been tried before, but the restrictive amendments have proved useless. The probabilities are strong that the program will roll merrily along. The support centers will grow bolder as the years go by, and the original noble purpose of the 1974 act will lose its luster. Those of us who labored to get the act on the books had such very good intentions. We have paved a regrettable road with them. □



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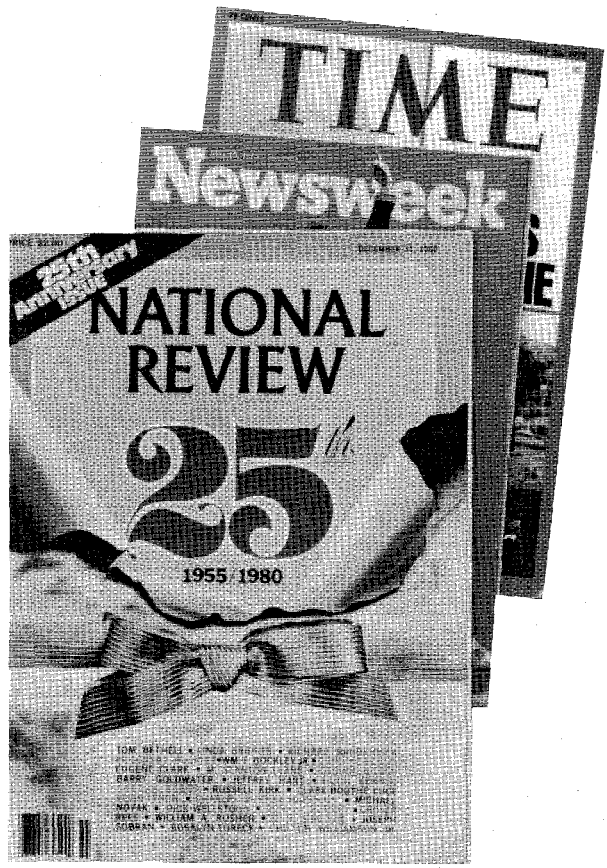

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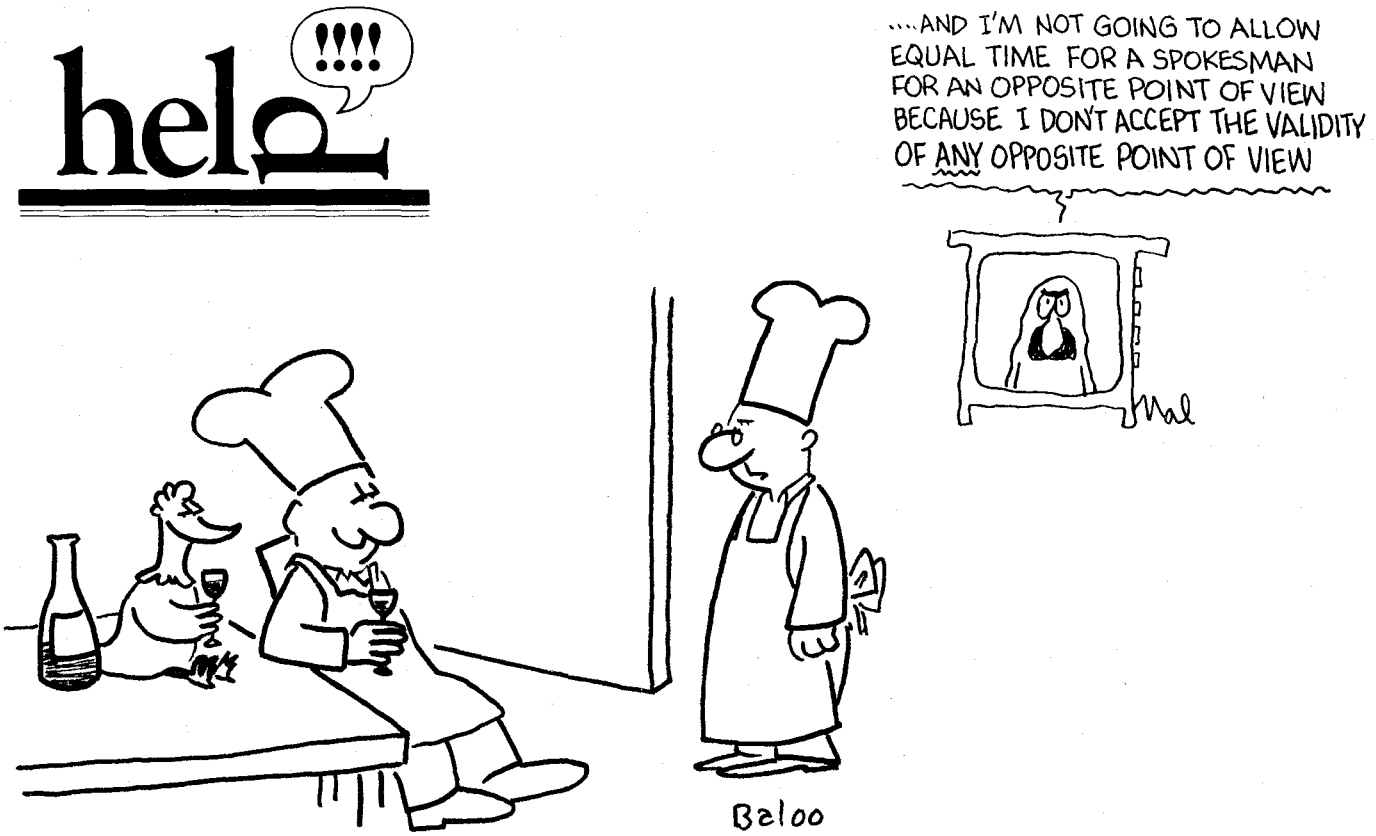
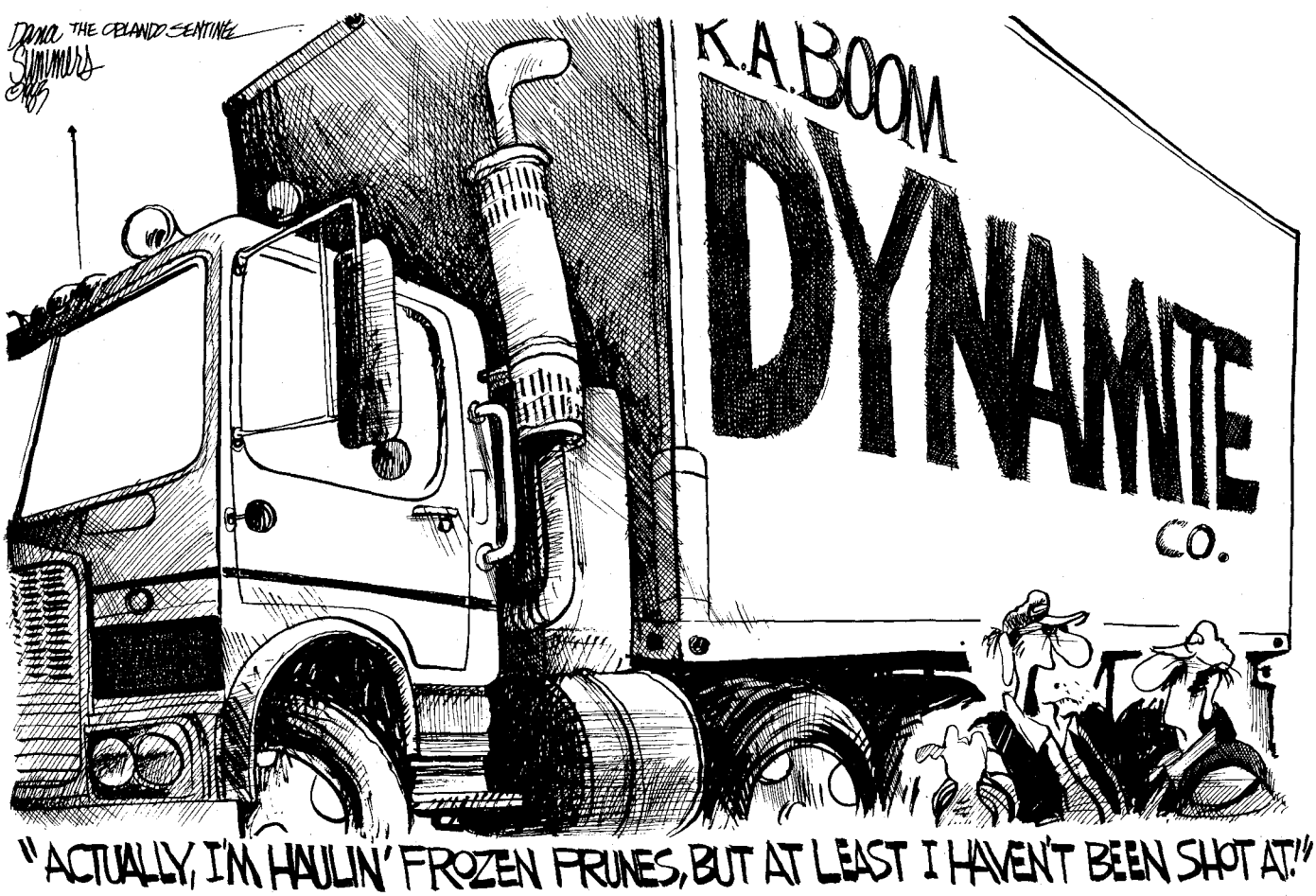

hel!!!!
....AND I'M NOT GOING TO ALLOW EQUAL TIME FOR A SPOKESMAN FOR AN OPPOSITE POINT OF VIEW BECAUSE I DON'T ACCEPT THE VALIDITY OF ANY OPPOSITE POINT OF VIEW
Mal
Baloo

"Dubois, I don't think you understand about coq au vin . . ."


Dana Summers '83 THE ORLANDO SENTINEL
K.A.BOOM
DYNAMITE
CO.
"ACTUALLY, I'M HAULIN' FROZEN PRUNES, BUT AT LEAST I HAVEN'T BEEN SHOT AT!"

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Renault, *Sacramento Bee* Rothco

"We were made for each other, Louise—you're from a surrogate mother, I'm from artificial insemination."

After Greenspan, the Deluge

People lose their shirts in Vegas
Or pursuing penny stocks.
Ladies lost it at the Astor;
Others, at the ballot box.
After draining France of millions,
Louis coined his famous *mot*,
While America will founder
Keeping grandma in the dough.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ELECTION '84

The First Cattle Show

ROBERT D. NOVAK

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Senator Alan Cranston of California, at age 68 embarking on his first quest for the Presidency, had been excoriating Ronald Reagan and massaging the various components of the Democratic Party's coalition for half an hour when he hit his stride. "Every Soviet infant, child, woman, and man is targeted by American missiles," he orated; in an attempt at balance, he added that "every American, in turn, is targeted and held hostage by Soviet missiles."

Cranston's audience had been drifting away, but now he ensured its attention by bringing up the issue of the hour. Addressing the plenary session of the Democratic Senate Central Committee of California, he said: "I went to Moscow a short time ago because of my concern over this sorry state of affairs." As Cranston spoke, I could not help being reminded of Senator Fred Van Ackerman's words in Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent* a generation ago: "I would rather crawl to Moscow than die under a bomb."

Hello, Is This Yuri?

Confirming that resemblance, Cranston launched into a verbatim account of a "remarkable" conversation with Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, chief of the Soviet general staff. Agreeing with the Senator that "there is no other course" than U.S.-Soviet arms-control agreement, the marshal is quoted as saying that "we ratified the SALT II treaty—supposedly a step along this path. You in the United States did not. So we are ready, and we are waiting. When you are ready, we will be ready." There is no dissent from the presidential candidate, who tells his fellow California Democrats: "I believe this to be the case."

It was then that Cranston delivered an applause line that brought the central committee members to their feet: "If I am elected President on November 6, 1984, I will cable Yuri Andropov on November 7, inviting him to meet with me immediately after inauguration day to negotiate a nuclear freeze."

That was certainly not the only mash note to Russia's new ruler delivered by a presidential candidate in Sacramento that Saturday. Walter F. Mondale, a considerably more forceful and effective orator than Cranston, evoked a commensurately bigger reaction when he told what he would do on his first day as President: "I'd get on that hot line—and I know right where that hot line is and how to punch those buttons, 'cause I've been there—and I'd say this: 'Dear Mr. Andropov, please meet me in Geneva this afternoon, and let's sit down and do some work to bring some easing of tensions.'" To show that he knew the hot line is a Teletype and not a telephone, the former Vice President punched out the message in pantomime. The crowd loved it.

The invitation to Yuri had grown a little stale by the time Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, not in Mondale's class in his ability to address large crowds effectively, reached the podium. "Within the first one hundred days of a new Democratic Administration," said Hart, "the President should personally invite the leader of the Soviet Union to join him in Geneva to undertake major reductions in nuclear weapons." Rewarded by only perfunctory applause, Hart later complained that the other candidates had copied an idea that he had originated some time before.

Whichever candidate was first inspired, none dissented from the underlying assumption that the United States is most culpable for the dangerous state of the world and that contacting Chairman Andropov would end that culpability. This consensus and what it tells about the state of the Democratic Party today set the theme for the first 1983 "cattle show" of Democratic presidential hopefuls some 18 months before their party will pick its nominee.

"Cattle show" is the inelegant term, first applied to Republican presidential aspirants in 1980, for candidates appearing in rapid order to trot their wares before party activists. The process has transformed the California state central committee meeting, mandated by state law, into a national political event for the Democrats in the year preceding a contested presidential nomination (with the proceedings grandly, though not quite accurately, designated as the "state convention" of the party).

Teachers' Pet Party

This was the third such affair I have attended, and each of the other two had yielded only limited political intelligence. In 1971, Senator Edmund Muskie arrived in Sacramento as a front-runner and performed so lethargically that, after two days, nobody there could imagine him being nominated. The 1976 session was considerably less revealing, showing Fred Harris to be a scintillating orator and Jimmy Carter to be a pathetic also-ran. This year's session was headlined in California by Cranston's success in winning a face-saving straw vote of committee members, and elsewhere by Mondale's newly developed oratorical prowess that confirmed his current status as undisputed front-runner.

Beyond such transitory triumphs, however, the year's first Democratic cattle show pointed to the fact that the components of what always has been a coalition party have changed significantly. After the obligatory denunciations of Reagan and recession, the basic candidate's speech here called the roll of those components and tried not to miss a single item on the laundry list of issues intended to appeal to them. Teachers are now specially singled out among the familiar trade-union groups, homosexuals have been added to the old-line minority groups, feminists are solidly enshrined, and, most prominently, the peace movement is now a part of the coalition.

Mondale, in a formulation of his basic speech repeated here, has managed to pack most of those components into one paragraph attacking the Reagan Administration: "If you're poor, they give you cheese. If you're for the freeze, they call you one of Moscow's dupes. If you're a woman, they blame you for unemployment. If you're Hispanic or an Asian or a black or a homosexual,

Mr. Novak is the Novak in Evans & Novak.

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they'll get government off your side. If you're a teacher, they'll cut your taxes enough to buy a hubcap."

Somewhere between the poor and the teachers (now the nation's most politically active trade union), Mondale had quietly tucked the homosexuals. No longer are party elders embarrassed as they were in 1972 at the national convention in Miami Beach when "gay" activists in lavender T-shirts appeared on the floor to push (unsuccessfully) an amendment for homosexual rights. Mondale is not so explicit as Cranston in placing "gays and lesbians" with "senior citizens" and "small farmers" on his Democratic constituency laundry list, but their messages are identical.

The chore of stitching together appeals to all these groups—especially the nuclear-freeze movement—not only stretched the allotted time of eight minutes per cattle-show contestant to nearly forty minutes in most cases, but also established a sameness of what passed for ideas. Whether the speaker was tedious (Cranston), dynamic (Mondale), witty (Representative Morris Udall of Arizona), or lugubrious (Hart), the content was nearly identical. Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, making his debut as a presidential hopeful, established instant rapport with his audience by "demanding an end to this nuclear madness" and then went on to tick off items on the laundry list.

Only two speakers neglected touching all those items, accounting for speeches considerably shorter and somewhat different from the rest. Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, calling for fiscal integrity in his often unintelligible Charlestonian accent, was uninterrupted by applause—duplicating his experience at last summer's midterm convention in Philadelphia and the Democratic National Committee meeting in New Orleans last fall. Hollings's rapport with the Democratic coalition as currently constituted is patently inadequate.

The other nonconformist was Senator John Glenn of Ohio, by the luck of the draw assigned the final slot speaking to Democrats surfeited by day-long oratory. Conditioned by press reports of Glenn's oratorical deficiencies, the committee members seemed pleasantly surprised by his forcefulness (though the fact that he wound up in 17 minutes may have been Glenn's most endearing platform quality).

Glenn certainly did not cleanly depart from the mold. He ticked off a few laundry-list items ("ERA is here to stay; ERA won't go away") and delivered the obligatory attack on Reagan arms-control policy ("If this Administration really wants to enhance the opportunity for peace, then let them work to reduce the arms of war"). Nor did this Korean War hero, astronaut, and advocate of a strong national defense dare mention to this audience the transgressions of the Kremlin in Afghanistan and Poland or the state of Soviet armament. When I asked a Glenn aide why not, he replied, candidly, "That would just be going out of our way to offend these people."

The Old-Fashioned Stuff

Nevertheless, there were differences. The obligatory promise to phone, wire, or write Yuri Andropov was missing. The Democratic laundry list was shortened, notably by no call for homosexual rights. There was also a tone of Midwestern boosterism that seemed alien to this gathering of California activists: "Given the right leadership, I say our people can still out-work, out-invent, out-produce, and out-compete anyone on the face of this planet. So to those who say our nation's day is done, we reply that a brighter dawn is still to come. Guided by the light of old values, we can again reach new horizons." Predictably, that drew markedly less audience response than the promises from other candidates for a tête-a-tête with Andropov.

At the reception immediately following his speech, Glenn drew a larger crowd than any other cattle-show entrant. But the Democrats, patiently standing in a long line with autograph book and camera (some carried a copy of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff* to be autographed) may well have been interested in him more as the first American to orbit the earth than as the next American to become President.

A few in the reception line complained to Glenn about items missing from his agenda—especially the environmentalists. Behind his back, others whispered that Glenn did not pass muster on support for Israel. Aides in Glenn's political entourage complained that Mondale agents had been spreading poison about their man's record on Israel and arms control (Glenn's hesitation in endorsing SALT II until he was certain of U.S. verification capabilities was partially responsible for Jimmy Carter's failure to win quick Senate ratification).

If John Glenn was a little out of place in Sacramento, it might be added that the 2,800 members of the central committee gathered there were scarcely representative of the California Democratic Party, much less the nation's Democratic voters. About 60 per cent of the committee members were appointed by last year's party nominees for state and federal office, with the largest single bloc controlled by the intensely liberal Assembly speaker, Willie Brown. The remaining 40 per cent were selected in caucuses in which the most powerful element was newly elected Assemblyman Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy. It is no exaggeration to say that fully 20 per cent of the central committee is led by Hayden, whose CED meetings here were addressed by Cranston and Hart.

But if this cattle show in typical California style was bigger than life, it

(Continues on page 273)

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Prince-Bishop Economics

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

A COMMITTEE OF the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops released in January a single-spaced seven-page paper called "Ethical Reflections on the Economic Crisis," which says nothing new about ethics but is quite original in its economics. Since the economic record of Catholic countries from Argentina to Guatemala and Spain to Ireland is not the most impressive, one might have expected a touch of humility; not so.

The bishops begin with two derivative Gospel principles: that we should "follow Jesus . . . by actively supporting the poor and the oppressed in their struggles to transform society," and that we should recognize "the special value and dignity of human work in God's plan for creation." In the past, Catholic thinkers have tended to stress contemplation, play, the liberal arts even, rather than work (this they left to their Protestant counterparts). The bishops' new emphasis on work is no doubt welcome, both theologically and in terms of political economy. *Laborare et orare*, the Benedictines used to say.

Labor vs. Capital

One can note that the "Gospel principles" used by the bishops owe less to Catholic tradition than to the modish "liberation theology" of the last twenty years (which has already passed its apogee) but still accept the limited formulations for what they are. Sure, we all believe that a sound material base should be placed under every human being in Canada and, indeed, in every nation on this planet. That was the practicality first envisioned by Adam Smith, however, rather than by Jesus. Still, once the human race has mastered the knowledge of how to produce enough wealth to eliminate poverty, we ought to do so, for both human and Christian motives. Jesus certainly would have.

The Canadian bishops also stress "the priority of labor," as did Pope John Paul II in *Laborem Exercens*. (The only commentary they cite is by the socialist Gregory Baum, which may be a clue to something.) They do not seem to recognize that the phrase was first used by Abraham Lincoln in Wisconsin in 1859, and again in his First Annual Message to Congress in 1861: "Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration . . ."

Boosting Industry

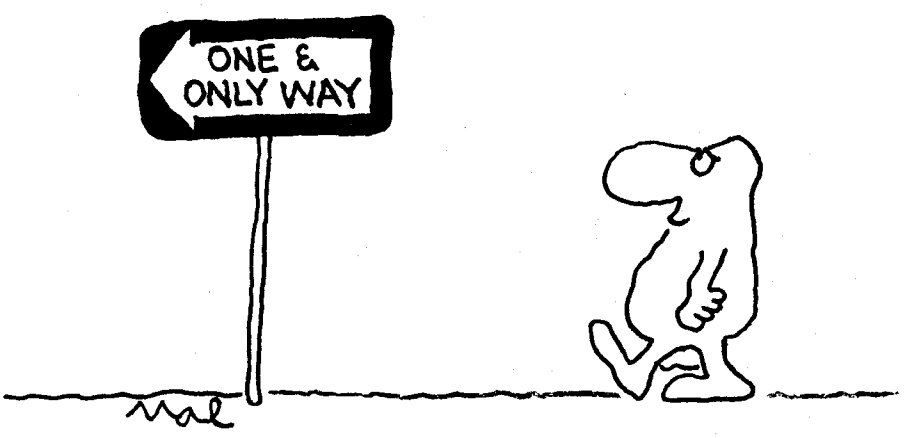
The Canadian bishops desire a new "industrial vision and economic model" in order "to strengthen manufacturing and construction industries, to create new job-producing industries in local communities," and other expensive tasks. They note the problem of high unemployment and surplus labor. In this sense, they already have what they want, "the priority of labor." There is plenty of labor. So it turns out that what they are really calling for is "the priority of capital." They call for all sorts of new capital investments. They want new industrial designs, new strategic plans. In this sense, their entire diagnosis depends on the premise that the source of wealth—and, hence, the source of jobs—lies not with labor but with intellect and capital.

Where will this "priority of intellect and capital" come from? The Canadian bishops' vision "requires shifting the burden for wage controls to upper-income earners and introducing controls on prices and new forms of taxes on investment income (e.g., dividends, interest)." Clearly, they want the state to become the engine of development. Where will the state get the money to invest in new local industries? From taxes on the rich.

What is the reason for the fascination of Catholic prelates and theologians (but not the Pope) with statist economies? To be sure, in their eyes, it is to "help the poor." But do Catholic countries, virtually all of which have strong centralized (often oppressive) state regimes, actually do this? Suppose, further, that the economic prescriptions of the Canadian bishops have often been tried and don't work. Are they concerned with what works? In other words, is their purpose truly ethical or is it ideological?

Canada is a distinctive nation, one of the freest and most prosperous of the 160 nations on earth, and nearly every one of its immigrant citizens has chosen to be there precisely because of the unparalleled liberties and unprecedented prosperity its system of political economy affords. The bishops talk glibly—sounding like Gregory Baum—of the "structural crisis in the international system of capitalism." Compared to what? Consider liberty and prosperity in the international socialist system or, for that matter, in Catholic systems.

It is good that the bishops are finally turning to questions of political economy. Perhaps someday they will discover the secret to Canada's liberties and relative prosperity, and use it to help uplift the poor everywhere. □



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January 30, March 6

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

West Germany has just somberly observed a momentous anniversary: January 30, the fiftieth anniversary of Adolf Hitler's accession to power as chancellor of Germany. Soon, on March 6, nationwide parliamentary elections will take place in West Germany, and the result could well make this date equally momentous.

The shadow of the former chancellor looms over the elections, just as it has loomed over Germany all these years, filling West Germans with an enduring sense of shame. The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* recently published a letter from a history professor, now a refugee from Poland, named Andrzej J. Kaminski, who had fought the Germans in the Polish underground and wound up in a Nazi concentration camp. Yet he is aghast at the continuing sense of shame among Germans. Though the people responsible for the horrors of National Socialism, he points out, are most of them dead and all of them repudiated, Germans continue to feel the devastating effect of the Hitler years.

The Left, in Germany and elsewhere, has radically misrepresented the history of that era. It portrays National Socialism as a basically German conspiracy organized by industrialists and bankers, opposed by Marxists of all shades, and fought by the Soviet Union. Professor Kaminski reminds us that the Nazis copied their concentration camps and their secret-police system from their Soviet friends. He recalls a public discussion between Heinrich Böll, the German writer, and Lev Kopelev, the Russian dissident, on the fortieth anniversary of the outbreak of World War II, on the topic: "Why did we fire at each other?" But in September 1939 Germans and Russians did not fire at each other —*as allies* they both fired on the Poles.

Professor Kaminski's letter touches upon an immensely important subject. Could one imagine Frenchmen in 1831 conducting internal and external policies on the basis of an inferiority complex dating from the Jacobin horrors, or, in 1852, being apologetic about Napoleonic militarism? On the contrary: 37 years after Waterloo the "Usurper's" nephew, Louis Napoleon, was enthusiastically elected emperor. Nothing of this sort could happen in Germany today; 38 years after the end of World War II, we are still living in its aftermath. World War I had brought defeat to a politically undermined, starving country, but among Germans there was a general conviction that they had been encircled by a cabal of powerful nations all on the side of the Serb assassins. By 1939, however, Germany had undergone a total transformation—she had become what allied propaganda had made her out to be in World War I: a tyrannical aggressor.

Germany lost not only World War II, but also her self-esteem. We now have, in the heart of Europe, borders drawn by London, Washington, and Moscow. The demarcation line between East and West—between freedom and slavery—cuts right through the German people.

Ironically, it is the "German Democratic Republic" that has revived many of the old Prussian ideals. It has an ideology, and its army is one of the very few within the Warsaw Pact that has a real national aim: the reunification of Germany under the hammer and sickle. Nothing of the sort exists in the Federal Republic. Militarism has been decried as a Nazi vice; the German army of the past has been vilified and denigrated. No wonder the peace movement has grown to such ominous proportions. Add the mounting crime rate, drug addiction, the cancellation of church membership (especially among Evangelicals), the divorce rate, and the number of illegitimate children—the future looks grim indeed. And not just for West Germany.

NATO's first line of defense—in a war that will probably be nuclear—is West Germany. Thus, with their country barely rebuilt after the last fearful struggle, Germans are being prepared for a new one that will take place along what is officially called the German-German border. It is the fear of this war—the war between the two superpowers with Germany as the battlefield—that is in large measure responsible for the rise of the peace movement.

Right in the midst of this critical situation came 1) the breakdown of the Social Democratic Party/Free Democratic Party coalition, 2) the no-confidence vote against Helmut Schmidt in the Bundestag, and 3) the new coalition government, aligning the Free Democratic Party with the Christian Democratic Union (CDU), under the leadership of the CDU's Helmut Kohl.

Kohl quickly called for national elections to give the German people the opportunity to confirm this new political alignment. But not everyone in Kohl's coalition approved his decision. Neither the FDP nor the CSU (the Bavarian counterpart of the CDU) wanted the elections called so soon. Franz Josef Strauss, the head of the CSU, reasoned that the new coalition couldn't possibly overcome, in a few months, the effects of years of socialist mismanagement, and feared they will take the blame at the polls. Moreover, the future of the FDP is in grave doubt, as few people expect it to clear the 5 per cent hurdle required for representation in the Bundestag. Its place will most likely be taken by the Green Party, which is expected to get at least 6 per cent of the vote and thereby play a pivotal role in the future of Germany.

Though they speak condescendingly of other political parties, the leaders of the Greens have announced that they would throw their support to the Social Democrats, who, ever since the defeat of Schmidt, have been trending leftward under the expert guidance of Willy Brandt and Herbert Wehner. The election of the Social Democrats, assisted by the Greens, would almost certainly mean that Germany would refuse to deploy the Pershing II and cruise missiles that were originally requested, ironically enough, by Schmidt. Such a development could well foreshadow the end of NATO and the rise of German neutralism. It is no wonder that all eyes are on the March 6 elections. A fraction of 1 per cent could decide the fate of Germany and many other countries besides. □

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Red or Dead?

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

The Nuclear Delusion: Soviet-American Relations in the Atomic Age
By George F. Kennan
Pantheon, 208 pp., $13.95

Dangerous Relations: The Soviet Union in World Politics, 1970-1982
By Adam B. Ulam
Oxford, 337 pp., $25

Surely the supreme public issues of our terrible times are the nature of Communism and the nature of the weapons and other measures we Americans should use to resist it. The political globe is a diverse place, but its most enormous feature is the piecemeal assault by the tightly organized and expansionist Soviet empire on the larger but looser and creakier American-led coalition of countries, and on the few neutrals.

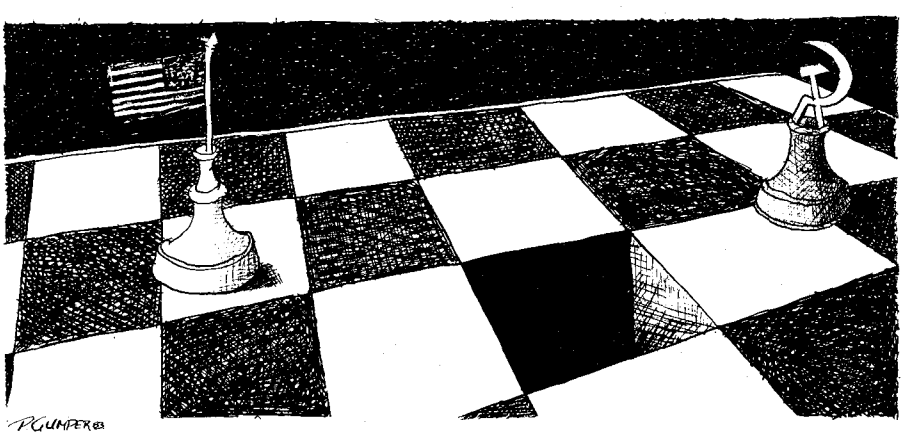
The primal questions are *how* horrible Communists are to their subject peoples (for it would not be worth a nuclear war to prevent conquest by a society as pleasant as, say, Canada), *how* expansionist the Soviet Union actually is and will be, *how* effective American armaments and diplomacy have been and will be in stopping Soviet imperialism, *how* likely our armaments and diplomacy are to lead to nuclear world war, and *how* totally terrible such a war would be.

All five of these questions are considered, on the highest level, in these two books. The authors are not consciously debating each other, but their books constitute a Great Debate. They do not call themselves liberal and conservative, but they are, in fact, presenting sober and well-considered liberal and conservative cases, as good and worthy of attention as can be made for the two sides. And the authors are George F. Kennan, elder statesman, former ambassador to the USSR, and distinguished historian, and Adam B. Ulam, director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard and also a distinguished historian. It is Goliath versus Goliath.

Ambassador Kennan's book is composed of articles, speeches, Op-Ed pieces for the *New York Times*, taped interviews, and testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, almost all from the last ten years. Forcing these separate units together into a book has some disadvantages: there are many repetitious summaries of U.S.-Soviet relations from 1917 on, and in such short pieces, he must simply assert facts and judgments rather than proving them to doubters with convincing scholarly evidence. But Kennan's authority, his lapidary prose, and the gravity of the issues he discusses transcend these limitations.

Professor Ulam's book is a sequel to his excellent *Coexistence and Expansion*, a history of Soviet foreign policy from 1917 to 1974. *Dangerous Relations* has the advantages of being a continuous exposition, and of Ulam's style, earthy for such impersonal subjects (Kennan would never condescend to use such a phrase as "Communist hanky-panky"); and it, too, summarizes complex events on the author's great authority rather than documenting them with a substantial scholarly apparatus.

Well, then, what do these Goliaths have to teach us? First of all, their agreement on the original cold war should be convincing. During Stalin's ghastly last years, 1945-53, it was the tyrant's atrocious rule at home, his crushing of Eastern Europe, his lunges to extend his empire east and west, and his implacable hostility to America that threatened world war, that started and sustained the cold war, for America could hardly have been expected to surrender and turn Europe and Asia over to him. In those years, says Kennan, the chief opposition to our rational policy of firmly containing Soviet ex-



Wladyslaw Pleszczynski *is Managing Editor of* The American Spectator. . . . **Francis B. Randall** *is a professor of Russian and Communist studies at Sarah Lawrence. . . .* **J. O. Tate** *is a professor of English at Dowling College. . . .* **Ellen Wilson** *is a features editor at the* Wall Street Journal.

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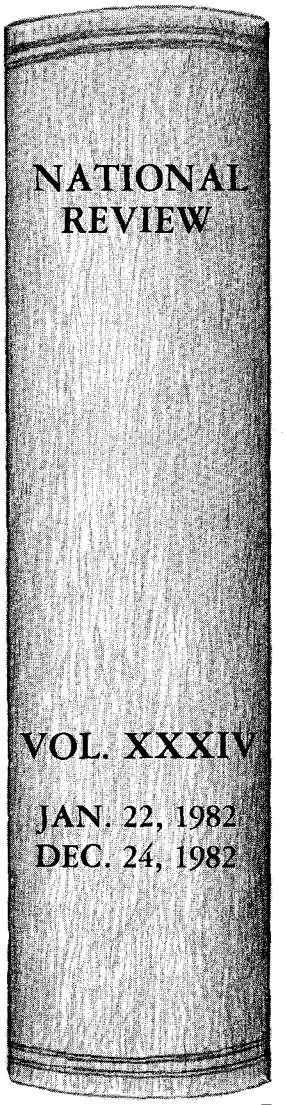

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST FEBRUARY TITLES: *The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Engineer, 1874-1914* (Norton, $24.95) is the first of three volumes of a biography by George Nash, author of *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*.

Two years ago *Harper's* published a two-part article by Bryan W. Griffin that horrified and enraged the American literary establishment, including *Harper's*; it now appears between boards as *Panic among the Philistines* (Regnery/Gateway, $12.95).

■ MORE MARCH TITLES: In *Power and Principle* (Farrar, $22.50), Zbigniew Brzezinski, a disaffected hardliner who finally withdrew from the Carter Administration, offers his opinions of his former boss's brand of foreign policy. . . . In *The Soviet Viewpoint* (Dodd, Mead, $13.95) Georgi Arbatov, the Kremlin's "American expert" and personal advisor to Yuri Andropov on the subject of the U.S., and Willem Oltmans, a Dutch author, discuss East-West relations. Arbatov is the darling of a certain set in this country—one of whom, J. William Fulbright, provides an introduction. . . . Roy Medvedev's *Khrushchev* (Doubleday, $19.95), a biography, is being published in English translation by Brian Pearce. . . . Denis MacShane's *François Mitterrand: A Political Odyssey* (Universe, $14.95) is the sole biography of the French Socialist president currently available in English.

Lead Time (Doubleday, $18.95) is a collection of journalistic pieces written by Garry Wills over the past 25 years on the subject of almost everything.

Last year Joan Didion traveled to the beleaguered nation of El Salvador for a first-hand look; her account of the experience is recorded in *Salvador* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95).

Horowitz: A Biography of Vladimir Horowitz (Morrow, $17.95), by Glenn Plaskin, is an important addition to musical literature. It is based upon unpublished interviews with its subject and upon extensive conversations with Horowitz's friends and associates. —CW

pansion short of world war came from those who were too naïve and trusting of Communist intentions—Kennan doesn't call them liberals—while Ulam has contempt for those who allege that our capitalists started the cold war and conjured up a nonexistent Soviet threat to justify their own reactionary aggressiveness. Indeed, he thinks we should have pressed Stalin back much more strongly, since we were then much stronger.

Both Kennan and Ulam know that after Stalin died, his successor dictators significantly relaxed Communist tyranny at home and in Eastern Europe. But the two authors' tones and stances differ crucially. Ulam provides no tirade against continuing Communist repressions, but his sneers and casual mentions of their "accepted" brutal and dictatorial folkways leave no doubt where he stands. Kennan reprints a moving page championing human rights and denying the possibility of America's becoming genuinely friendly with a regime that permanently denies them. But he also reminds us that people do, after all, *live* in the Soviet Union, not just suffer atrocities, and suggests that we might improve our own quality of life before censuring our neighbor; he cites the unchecked porno shops in downtown Washington, while the Communists have kept them out of Moscow. These positions are not worlds apart, but their genuine difference accounts for most of their other differences.

Both authors agree that Communist ideology and messianism have receded drastically as motives for Soviet foreign policy. Kennan states that the Kremlin is expansionist, but not as expansionist as many think. In fact, he insists that the chief opposition to a rational American foreign policy comes no longer from sappy doves but from excessively suspicious hawks for whom Stalin has never died. Before Angola (1975), he noted that the Russians had not adventured beyond the contiguous Communist area. Before Afghanistan (1979), he thought it significant that the Russians, unlike us, had not used their *own* troops to expand their sphere. Events have not made this his strongest line of argument. Ulam, in contrast, emphasizes that Cuba, Angola, Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan all mark stages of ever more vigorous Soviet expansionism. He is not given to sermons, but the effect of his accounts is alarming.

Both authors are merciless in underlining the innumerable blunders, missed chances, blowings hot and cold, switched courses, insufficiently strong and intelligent responses, and generally too-little-and-too-late policies of Washington over the last generation, not only under President Carter but throughout. Both think the Vietnam War was a colossal blunder. Both, but especially Kennan, the Democrat, have kind words for the integrated and sustained foreign policy of President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger, but are not uncritical. Ulam explicitly says our internal disarray and lack of cohesion with our major allies have inflicted more damage on us than all Communist efforts, and he seems to wonder if our kind of democracy can generate and sustain an effective foreign policy. Neither shows any optimism at all about better performance in the future.

AND THEN they come to nuclear weapons. Ulam tells, though not at the top of his lungs, how the steady Soviet buildup of conventional and nuclear weapons throughout Brezhnev's 18-year tyranny has ended, for practical purposes, American military superiority, has frightened our allies, has shielded Soviet imperialism, and has seriously destabilized the world and brought on the present dangerous period of bad U.S.-Soviet relations. Yet he is judiciously unwilling to say the Kremlin is superior, or could win a nuclear war, and he is moderate on the sheer menace of nuclear weapons as such, and declares that we must continue to maintain a deterrent nuclear capacity. He is likewise moderate on the effects of an actual nuclear war: an horrendous hundred million American dead, perhaps, but not the end of life on earth.

But Kennan, even in his days of power under President Truman, had doubts about nuclear weapons; now he rejects them almost totally. They cannot be used, he insists, for their destructiveness is incalculable. In patrician tones, he praises Jonathan Schell's unrestrained *The Fate of the Earth*. To America, chiefly, Kennan says that any hoped-for security from the possession of nuclear weapons is a delusion, any use of them "a blasphemy offered to God!" All government negotiations and popular freeze campaigns are grossly inadequate; he proposes that we offer the Kremlin an immediate 50 per cent mutual reduction of all nuclear weapons.

What if the Kremlin, out of Communist suspiciousness, refused the deal? What if the Kremlin accepted but cheated? Kennan doesn't say, but that is less important than his high-level sounding of existential alarm about the very existence and autonomous unstoppability of nuclear weapons.

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One can argue with Ulam, but his de facto conservative recognition of the pervasiveness and depth of human evil, in particular Communist evil, is sadly convincing. If the USSR by some miracle disarmed, America, both authors are saying, would go to sleep. But if America disarmed, Ulam's Kremlin would soon dominate the world. If we really want to end the risk of nuclear war, we must accept the likelihood of becoming Red. One can argue a lot with Kennan on nuclear weapons and nuclear war, but his de facto liberal fear of them strikes chords in a billion hearts. If we really want to defend ourselves and most of the world against Communism, we must accept a terribly high chance of becoming dead. This distribution of plaudits is by no means comforting; it is the worst of both worlds. These books magnificently illuminate this supreme controversy, but they do not settle it. Who on earth could? Herein lie the tragedy and the exhilaration of our terrible times. □

Confiscated Power
By Hélène Carrère d'Encausse
Harper & Row, 346 pp., $19.95

HAVING IT ALL

ELLEN WILSON

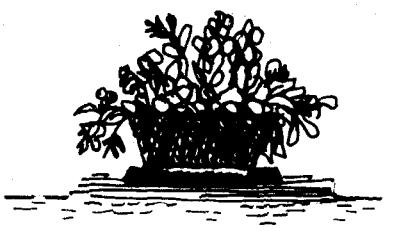
When *Confiscated Power* was published in Paris three years ago (under the title *Le Pouvoir Confisqué*), it received rave reviews from *Le Monde*, *Le Figaro*, *Le Matin*—in short, from most of the French journalistic world. Now that we have a chance to examine it here in the U.S., we can see that the praise was justified—if we accept it for what it is, rather than as a failed imitation of Solzhenitsyn.

What it is is a clear, careful, scholarly examination of how power works, has worked, and is likely to work in the Soviet Union. It is a combination of history, political science, and sociology, all kept under control by a thoughtful and thorough mind. The tone can be a bit bloodless; we hear no passionate sermons, no denunciations of brutality, no formulas for effective reaction by the West. Perhaps France was so effectively proselytized by Solzhenitsyn that such warm-ups are now unnecessary. Over here, Mme. d'Encausse's book is more likely to convert the apathetic to believe the Soviet system is inefficient than to believe it is evil. Still, for those of us already secure as to the latter reality, *Confiscated Power* contains abundant documentation of the former.

In the beginning was Lenin, who successfully co-opted the Russian Revolution and then, "By considering that a specialized body, outside society, was needed to defend the revolution . . . implicitly chose to consolidate the revolution in a state that would be distinct from society." That state, of course, was not very distinct from Lenin himself, for as founder and head of the Communist Party he decided how it would be organized, who would be admitted or promoted, how the Party would police the state, and the like. In the comparatively short time Lenin survived the Revolution, he impressed his own idea of what Communist Russia should be on both the Soviet Party and the incipient Soviet society.

Lenin's successor, Stalin, for years kept his place at the top of the status pyramid, each month stuffing money envelopes into his desk drawer because, having wealth beyond the dreams of avarice in perquisites and privileges, he had no use for cold cash. The Stalinist period reflected a brand-name, personalized exercise of power. Technically, Stalin's power derived from his office (or offices)—from his Party membership and his "selection" by that Party to a ruling role. But in image and reality, authority belonged to Stalin as Stalin.

Après moi, le déluge, said the next-to-last Louis. Khrushchev and others of his generation, looking back on the Stalin purges with horror and loathing (those being the days when even a Khrushchev or a Beria had to scramble to survive), thought of themselves as survivors of one deluge, trying to stave off the possibility of others. De-Stalinization was based on the idea that there was safety in numbers, that power must be depersonalized, relocated in an anonymous Party, or in a committee exercising internal checks and balances.



Khrushchev, perhaps the nearest thing to a genetic sport ever to reach the uppermost echelons of Soviet government, assumed a position of relative authority after a few years of rule-by-committee. But he was dependent on Party support and pushed and pulled by Party factions in a way unknown to Lenin or Stalin. His unpredictability and individual methods were probably as much to blame for his ultimate downfall as his economic and strategic failures.

After several years of struggle, Leonid Brezhnev emerged as yet another kind of Russian power-wielder—this time, a sort of epitome of the Party will, an idealized Politburo Everyman, a Socialist Realist leader who, while he wielded power at the sufferance of the Party, held on to that power because of the success with which he formed and embodied its will.

In many ways the Brezhnev chapters are the most interesting in this book. While an avalanche of Stalin books has been published since the death of the Infallible Leader, documenting his caprices, his paranoia, the horrendous purges and imprisonments, Brezhnev's governing style is not nearly so well known to the non-Kremlinologist. Mme. d'Encausse shows us how Brezhnev fostered Party equilibrium by following regular rules for advancing subordinates and reducing instances of abrupt falls from grace. She concludes that Brezhnev purchased internal "peace" (disregarding, of course, the physical and spiritual needs of the people) at the price of widespread corruption, slowdowns, and general stagnation.

Confiscated Power also contains plentiful details about the lower echelons of Soviet power—the background, selection, and training of Party members, *apparatchiki*, and high officials; the careers of provincial leaders; the changing role and influence of the army and the KGB. The author sketches in the situation of ordinary citizens, as well as the predicament of those political and religious dissidents who place themselves outside the "safe" sphere of ordinary life. There are descriptions of youth groups, laborers' indoctrination programs, voting and elections. Almost all the official uses of Soviet power—along with the ways of being used by it—are included.

Confiscated Power is a fascinating look not at Soviet life but at the system which limits and controls that life. It is

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a pity that Mme. d'Encausse lacks or chooses not to employ the rhetorical force to move uncommitted readers to see how deeply and tragically power has corrupted in the USSR. What she has done, she has done well. The rest, she leaves to us. □

Courier from Warsaw
By Jan Nowak
Wayne State, 477 pp., $24.95

A QUESTION OF HONOR

WLADYSLAW PLESZCZYNSKI

"You Poles do know the meaning of honor," a police inspector in Geneva told Jan Nowak in 1944, a few days after Nowak's arrest for violating Switzerland's neutrality. Several weeks later, Nowak was being fêted in London as the first survivor of the Warsaw Uprising to reach the West. Shortly thereafter, American authorities refused him an entry visa: "In view of the emotionally anti-Soviet attitude of Lieutenant Nowak," the rejection notice read, "his public appearances in the United States would not help the cause of Allied unity at this time." The war was winding down, and Yalta was less than two weeks away.

A sense of honor pervades this remarkable memoir, and the questions it addresses are as timely today as they were forty years ago. "You mustn't think," the British ambassador to Poland told Nowak, "that we are like Pontius Pilate, washing our hands and turning away. . . . But you must understand that for the moment we have no means of putting pressure on Russia."

Born in 1913 and raised in the atmosphere of a resurrected Poland, Jan Nowak fought in the ill-fated campaign of 1939, and in 1941 he joined the Polish underground's Home Army. By 1942 Nowak was an important member of Action N, the underground's intricate disinformation campaign within Hitler's Reich.

Eager to expand the scope of Action N, Nowak asked in 1943 to be sent to Stockholm and then London in order to establish ties with Britain's own "black propaganda" network and with the Polish forces in exile. When his superiors authorized only the Swedish leg, Nowak swallowed his disappointment and survived a mission fraught with danger and full of miraculous escapes—the sort of thing that leads Zbigniew Brzezinski in the foreword to liken the book to a film scenario. On his return to Warsaw, Nowak was rewarded with a major mission to London as an official emissary of the Home Army. It would prove a rude awakening.

To the Polish resistance, the very word London had a magical ring. The capital of the heroic Churchill, the refuge of the exiled Polish government, London was the symbol of the freedom that awaited Poland after the defeat of the brutal Germans. Most Poles simply refused to countenance the possibility that "liberation" would come from the East—with the Western Allies' not-so-reluctant approval, at that.

Already during his stay in Stockholm, Nowak had had an inkling that the Polish resistance was basing its strategy on a grand delusion. Stalin had just severed ties with Poland's London government over the question of Katyn. This did not surprise Nowak, but he could not understand why the British newspapers he picked up seemed to be siding with the Soviets on this issue.

WHEN FINALLY, in early 1944, he met with top British and Polish officials in London, his worst suspicions were confirmed. The issue now, ostensibly, was Poland's eastern border. The official British view on the matter was unabashedly pro-Soviet. Nowak witnessed Churchill's speech before the House of Commons on February 22, and, to his amazement, "here was a public offer to agree in advance to Russian annexation of almost half of our country even before they had occupied the territory."

The crowning moment of Nowak's mission was a private, ten-minute meeting with Churchill in March, at which Nowak was to present the Prime Minister with a pamphlet specially prepared for him by Nowak's comrades in Action N. For perhaps the only time in this dispassionate and beautifully crafted memoir, Nowak lets down his guard:

> The brochure was born in a secret Warsaw print shop. There was a dedication to Churchill diligently inscribed by an unknown calligrapher, evidence of Polish daring, now in the hands of the British war leader. If it had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo along the way, I would have been *hanged*. But Churchill glanced at it with no particular interest. He took his cigar out of his mouth and, turning to [Polish Prime Minister] Mikolajczyk, said: "Thank you. I shall pass on this interesting pamphlet to the Imperial War Museum." Then he was silent and turned his head toward me, as if waiting to hear what I had to say.

By now, leaders of the Polish government in exile were scrambling to secure whatever guarantees they could that the Western Allies would stand behind Poland's independence. There was talk of a Polish-Soviet rapprochement, which, Nowak was cautioned by Anthony Eden, could be achieved only if the Poles were willing to make serious sacrifices. A related question was what posture the Home Army would take vis-à-vis the approaching Red Army. The question was academic: Stalin's forces had other plans, and, besides, the Home Army still had some unfinished business to see to. When Nowak returned to Poland in late July 1944, worried about "what the reaction would be when I told them in Warsaw that we have been left entirely at the mercy of Russia," he found the underground poised to strike at the retreating Germans. One Home Army leader told Nowak, "I have no illusions about what awaits us here after the Russians enter Warsaw . . . [but] we must do our duty to the end."

The Warsaw Uprising began at 5 P.M. on August 1. On the eastern bank of the Vistula, the Red Army sat back and watched. □

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The Outline of Sanity:
A Life of G. K. Chesterton
By Alzina Stone Dale
Eerdmans, 354 pp., $18.95

G.K.C. PLAY BY PLAY

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was admired by people as diverse as Kafka and Gandhi, and, like Shakespeare, he deserves to be better known. Nowadays he is mostly famous for having converted to Catholicism, an event that occurred long after he was already familiar to his contemporaries. He actually came from liberal Unitarian stock, had an early fling with socialism, and was a busy reformer all his life, notwithstanding George Orwell's later dismissal of him as a medievalist.

He wrote in haste, always, and was in effect his own Boswell, exploding with epigrams as he went. Alzina Stone Dale, in this excellent biography, supplies the facts and dates he was too ebullient to record in his own *Autobiography*. The ideal book would be all his collected works rolled into one volume (about the size of *The Columbia Encyclopedia*) with the text of *this* book running along the bottom of each page like an endless footnote. Mrs. Dale's research is scrupulous[1], her judgments crisp and exact[2], her documentation precise[3], though I confess I find all the little[4] bitty[5] numerals[6] along the way[7] very distracting[8].

Mrs. Dale has performed prodigies of investigation, and her work supersedes earlier biographies, in that she finds unreliable some of the sources (like Chesterton's brother, Cecil) the others have followed too uncritically. Maisie Ward's two volumes still contain too much of the man to be dispensed with, but for completeness and accuracy, this is the only book.

Chesterton's political creed, Distributivism, still has its scattered partisans. That it never gained anything like popularity bothered him very little. He cheerfully despised what we now call "pragmatism," or sacrificing one's ideals in order to gain the power to implement something else not remotely resembling them. He would have denied that he was a partisan of lost causes. "Nothing fails like success," he observed with his usual profound flippancy.

He set forth his own social ideals in his little masterpiece *What's Wrong with the World*. It is better to have written such a book than to have so far compromised his views as to take a seat in Parliament; because although his dreams may never come true, they will never lose their pertinence. A society in which everyone owns a little piece of property may or may not come to pass; to know that it is desirable, however, is to possess a wisdom that will always keep one headed in the right direction in the long run.

In that sense, ideals are more practical than programs. "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly," he would say. He complained that we are always "stating the disease before we find the cure. But it is the whole definition and dignity of man that in social matters we must actually find the cure before we find the disease. . . . We agree about the evil; it is about the good that we should tear each other's eyes out." These remarks, quoted by Mrs. Dale, seem inconsistent, but they are not. As she rightly says, he never imagined that the Middle Ages were utopian; he only insisted that they were steadied by a sane sense of the cure. "What is wrong [with the modern world] is that we do not ask what is right."

The Outline of Sanity, the title of this biography, was also of course the title of one of Chesterton's social tracts, in general reply to H. G. Wells's *The Outline of History* (as *The Everlasting Man* was a reply at another level). The great merit of Mrs. Dale's book is that she lucidly recounts the endless topical controversies Chesterton engaged in, showing how he brought his "orthodoxy" to bear in daily affairs, from the Boer War to the Marconi scandal to the collapse of the Liberal Party. If he was seldom on the winning side, he had a habit of being on the side of honor, and his opposition to eugenics looks very different to us from the way it looked to his progressive-minded contemporaries.

Even in a book as long as this one (the text alone runs to three hundred pages), it is impossible to give an adequate summary, let alone the full flavor, of Chesterton's occasional writings. Without blaming Mrs. Dale at all, I wish to record my sadness that she was able to devote only a paragraph to *The Superstition of Divorce*, a gem that can still make a reader roar with delight. If history was against him, why, history was wrong. The turbulent wit of his pages is still infinitely better literary companionship than even the best prose of his friendly foes, Wells and Shaw. They prevailed and perished; he lost and lives.

Only a few of his books are still in print; most of the rest are available, at high prices, from a few special dealers (my own favorite is A. C. Prosser in Chicago). One hopes that the growing literature about him—including *The Chesterton Review*, published in Saskatchewan—augurs some new printings. If not, there will always be a few who will make any sacrifice to read this sanest and most lovable of authors. And verily, they will have their reward. □

Indecent Exposure
By David McClintick
Morrow, 544 pp., $17.50

BIG MITZVAH

D. KEITH MANO

"Everything in this book is real," brags David McClintick, "—every episode, scene, weather reference, conversation, and name." No. Blow it out your pastry tube, McClintick. Certain events may have happened, but that doesn't mean they're real.

After all, can the dramatic rendering of a six-page conversation that took place in 1977 be *real*? I don't remember who my children were in 1977, let alone what I said. "The author of course does not claim that the dialogue represents the exact words used by the characters at the time of the events described." Then how could it ever be *real*? What McClintick means is: naturalistic or well-documented or plausible. As, say, break-away chairs and sugar glass seem naturalistic on film. Or as dialogue spoken by Henry II to Becket might be plausible. The difference between Hollywood and history lies in expectation. History will accept that Lee and Grant met at Appomattox. Hollywood won't: because that bald evidence doesn't *play*. It has neither continuity nor shooting script: such a thing, therefore, can't be real. McClintick mistakes great production design, authentic period dress, and his own manic research for reality. So do the dramatis personae of his book. But verisimilitude isn't truth. In fact, *Indecent Exposure* might not even

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be a real exposé. So perverse is the Hollywood moral peristalsis, so unreal, that McClintick—despite censorious passages and his own best instinct—has produced instead only a complex advertisement for some quite repulsive people. No press agent could've done them a bigger *mitzvah*.

Let me remind you, if I must, of the miserable circumstance. David Begelman, film production head for Columbia, forged several checks—notably one $10,000 shiner made out to Cliff Robertson. As a result his boss, Alan Hirschfield—who, for some reason, felt that embezzlement was wrong—got sacked. But don't bother hawking your indignation up. Hirschfield is head of Fox right now. Actually, no one involved in this two-year (or five-hundred-page) toilet article had his earning capacity hurt at all. Sure, Begelman was let go last December from another major studio—but not because of crimes committed (he just wasn't producing). And certainly not because of this book.

Truth is, McClintick has been had. Note that just about every knave or fool in this literary length of soil pipe cooperated with him on the research. A peculiar affair, considering that McClintick has made them sound like, yes, knaves and fools. You'll loathe board member Matty Rosenhaus: he comes across like an arrogant, treacherous old farp whose brain got dropped in Efferdent. And despise board member Herbert Allen Jr.: vicious, disloyal, with a horrid corpse light in his eye. And shrink from producer Ray Stark: power-mad, conniving, ugly as some sort of feral chicken. But the point is this: McClintick's narrative has *improved* their image. Out in Cloud Cuckoo Land a halo word like power-mad or vicious will translate as bankable, effective. The one unsavory attribute is failure.

And McClintick's self-arousing hyperbole rubbed my binnacle wrong. Of poor Hirschfield, McClintick will say, "Eventually, however, he came to regret that Friday deeply and would continue to regret it for the rest of his life." How does McClintick know? Did Hirschfield (still alive) make a deathbed confession? *Indecent Exposure* is often absorbing (I once watched ants try to carry a large dead worm and found that absorbing also). But it doesn't deserve string accompaniment like this: "Cliff Robertson soon would be engulfed in a holocaust of controversy and pain that would maim several lives, including his own, wound hundreds of other people, and jostle the foundations of the world's most glamorous industry." Please. Listen, if Cliff Robertson is maimed, pass me my crutch: I'd like to walk a mile in his Guccis. As for the almost blasphemous use of "holocaust" here, you might as well say eyebrow plucking is corrective surgery.

Re David Begelman, though, I refuse to be drawn into outrage. His forgery is, when you look at it, a fine synecdoche for the whole film-flam. So Begelman impersonated Cliff Robertson and Martin Ritt to filch money. Didn't Archibald Leach impersonate Cary Grant, and Norma Jean Baker, Marilyn Monroe, for a similar reason? Show business is the assumption of traits or emotional affects that aren't your own. To get upset about Begelman in Hollywood is to get upset about a cannibal for chewing his own cuticles.

Maybe, in justice, Begelman should've been jailed. But I can think of a better sentence: to deny this shameless, barracuda world all human status. Even the painful status afforded by legal retribution. Imprisonment might suggest that David Begelman was *real*. It is not lenity I'm speaking of, it's absolute disdain. Leave Begelman (and Rosenhaus and Allen and Stark) in limbo. Withhold even your righteousness. Let the punishment fit the non-crime. □

Flashman and the Redskins
By George MacDonald Fraser
Knopf, 479 pp., $14.95

FLASHY AGAIN

J. O. TATE

Those who recall Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in Raoul Walsh's *They Died with Their Boots On* (1941) may say, "This is where I came in." But, remembering a different disastrous cavalry episode, the experienced Flashman recognizes the soundtrack also:

> And then Calhoun taps his foot and Libby laughed at Custer and struck a rousing chord, and they all brisked up, and Custer himself led them off in his cracked baritone until the rafters rang and feet stamped and the glasses swung in rhythm as they roared out in chorus:
>
> *We'll beat the bailiff out of fun,*
> *We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run,*
> *We are the boys no man dare dun,*
> *If he regards a whole skin!*
> *In place of spa we'll drink down ale,*
> *And pay no reckoning on the nail,*
> *No man for debt shall go to jail,*
> *While he can Garryowen hail!*
>
> They didn't notice I wasn't singing; I was remembering the remnant of the Light Brigade in that grisly hospital shed by Yalta, croaking out those self-same words in their pathetic pride at having done what no other horse-soldiers had ever done before. I thought of the pale fierce faces and the horrid wounds, and the unspeakable hell we'd come through, and the ghastly cost—and I wondered if it was a lucky song to sing, that's all.

So for the seventh time Sir Harry Flashman, VC, appears between covers, providing an opportunity not only for the amusement and edification of the reading public, but also for an appreciation of Flashman's slippery "reality." Most serious when he is most sly, Fraser, the "editor" of "the Flashman papers," is quite aware, I think, that he writes for an audience that looks back uneasily on the nineteenth century.

He contrives a scene at the beginning of this "packet" of Flashman's "memoirs" in which the aging roué is shocked by hearing Apache spoken in a London club. The startled Flashman begins an argument with an anthropologist who represents "enlightened" views. On the street, the old man reflects:

> I know the heathen, and their oppressors, pretty well, you see, and the folly of sitting smug in judgment years after, stuffed with piety and ignorance and book-learned bias. Humanity is beastly and stupid, aye, and helpless, and there's an end to it. And that's as true for Crazy Horse as it was for Custer—and they're both long gone, thank God. But I draw the line at the likes of my anthropological half-truther; oh, there's a deal in what he says, right enough—but it's only one side of the tale, and when I hear it puffed out with all that righteous certainty, as though every white man was a villain and every redskin a saint, and the fools swallow it and feel suitably guilty . . . well, it can get my goat, especially if I've got a drink in me and my kidneys are creaking. So I'm slung out of the Travellers' for ungentlemanly conduct. Much I care; I wasn't a member anyway.

Then off we go: Flashman, on the run from the law and from the violent master of the slave-ship *Balliol College*, takes up with a madam and her girls for a jaunt from New Orleans to the West,

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with the Forty-Niners. His adventures include an illegal marriage and witnessing a bounty-collecting, scalp-hunting massacre of Indians. After the usual hairbreadth escapes and a convenient hiatus, he is back in America just in time to survive the slaughter on the Greasy Grass at the Battle of Little Bighorn in 1876—"Custer's Last Stand."

This book, with its two appendices and 81 footnotes, is both an example and a parody of historical scholarship and, by extension, is and is not a fiction. The Flashman books are send-ups of every swashbuckler and bodice-ripper ever penned; but the most improbable episodes turn out to be fact, or based on fact. Flashman (or Fraser) delights in inverting all Victorian Christianity, modesty, seriousness, and selflessness, and provides a painless and sound history lesson—or fiction lesson. Carrying on in more senses than one, Mr. Fraser (who creates Flashman's errors of memory so he can correct them in the best academic fashion) has delivered once again.

FLASHY has not changed. "England's Shame" seems not to have a shred of decency in him. His eye and his understanding, as they dart for the main chance, re-create life before it became potted history. His adventures on the American frontier remind us that he has always been involved on the fringes of empire—British, German, and Russian, as well. As a military swell, the cowardly Flashman must be where the action is.

He always was, when not in bed with some woman, or drunk, or both. Flashman burst eponymously on the scene (1969) as an outrageous appropriation of the notorious bully from Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Flashman's version of Arnold of Rugby is, to say the least, revisionary, and his misadventures in the First Afghan War set the pattern for the others. In the next five books, our scoundrel swaggers from Germany to India, from Dahomey to New Orleans. He swives Lola Montez, falls into the clutches of the young Bismarck, sees Karl Marx harangue a crowd. In *Flashman at the Charge* (1973), a gloss on Tennyson and Woodham-Smith, our cad, attempting as usual to avoid danger, stands with Campbell's Highlanders (the Thin Red Line), charges with Scarlett's Heavies, and charges again with the Light Brigade, all in one busy day at Balaclava.

Flashman's Lady (1978) begins with the Victorian sporting scene: Flashman performs the first "hat trick" (three wickets in successive bowls) against the legendary cricketers Felix, Pilch, and Mynn.

Flashman—or Fraser, rather—would never let us down. In his latest cliffhanger, we meet Jim Bridger, Uncle Dick Wooton, Mangas Colorado (Red Sleeves), Geronimo, Kit Carson, Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail, and the obscure Frank Grouard Standing Bear, of whom Flashman claims to be the sire.

Dazzled by Fraser's source-juggling, the reader may have little inclination, as the pages fly, to contemplate the substance of his satire, the historicity of his fiction, and the heroic sense of life indirectly celebrated by his ambivalent debunkings. He must regard throwaway references to Flashman's service in the Civil War and his term as deputy to Wild Bill Hickok as tantalizing subjects of future productions (*Flashman Rides with Stuart*?, *Flashman the Kid*?). The reader can only hope for world enough, and time. □

FILM

POLITICAL ANTITHESES

JOHN SIMON

Gandhi is oversimplification of the very best, most high-minded sort, but still oversimplification. It is a large-scale historical biography of the opulent, old-fashioned kind of which David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia* is the finest specimen, and, indeed, Lean strove long and hard to get a crack at Gandhi himself. What Richard Attenborough has wrought is, finally, almost as much a tribute to Lean as to Gandhi, though the Mahatma was a more complex, quirkier figure than Attenborough's protagonist, and Lean's version might well have been, with or without a screenplay by Robert Bolt, a mite more idiosyncratic and unpredictable. John Briley, to whom the final screenplay is credited (though other hands may have left their marks on it), has done a neat, perhaps too neat, job of pulling things together, and for most of its three and a half hours, with intermission, it works.

Attenborough has done justice to both the South African and the Indian backgrounds, and the grandiose set pieces such as Gandhi's funeral work—well—spectacularly. Various scenes of brutality are carefully managed so as to convey the maximum of pain with the minimum of obvious gore, and, I suppose, that is to the good. The obvious problem with such a film is how to handle the politics without confusing or boring the average viewer, and without offending either India or Pakistan; formerly bloated but now shrunken Britain can be allowed to take its lumps all over again, and the Afrikaners are fair game for anyone. The slightly less obvious problem is how to avoid making Gandhi into a plaster saint.

Ben Kingsley's racy, sweetly ornery performance helps with the plaster, and when something of Gandhi's whimsical mulishness comes through, it helps with the sainthood. Though I know little about Gandhi, even I know that some of his strange sexual (or antisexual) *démarches* have been overlooked. As for the politics, a little too much attar of roses has been sprinkled over Gandhi, Nehru, and others, while the British tend to emerge as colonialist clichés. Only the figures of Mohammed Ali Jinnah and Gandhi's assassin (or assassins) are deeply shrouded in the mists of mollifying vagueness; but Jinnah is, at least, played by an actor so quietly ominous-looking that a little complexity does creep in. Still, *Gandhi* is meant to be a noble, idealized portrait dominating an immense series of heroic frescoes, and on that somewhat juvenile level it works splendidly.

Ben Kingsley, I repeat, does a marvelous job as Gandhi, not so much because he is half Indian and made to look wholly like the original, as because he is a solid, resourceful actor of unhomogenizable individuality and with sound English theatrical training. He clearly lived himself totally into the part, and was then able to *be* as much as to act. The supporting cast, which comprises many famous English actors in cameo roles

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and Indian actors in somewhat larger ones, performs extremely capably, even if not always inspiredly. Thus Roshan Seth, as Nehru, lacks the prototype's somewhat ambiguous charisma, and Martin Sheen, as an American journalist, has not enough to work with. Yet all goes more than adequately until near the end, when Candice Bergen enters as Margaret Bourke-White, and a pall of incredibility falls on every scene she is in. Though she is a bit of a real-life photographer, Miss Bergen does not even handle a camera convincingly, albeit this is nothing compared to what she does with acting.

Yet the real cinematographers, Billy Williams and Ronnie Taylor, have done most commendable work, using all available beauties and starknesses potently but not distractingly. Attenborough's direction, though sometimes routine, never lets the often unwieldy material slip out of its grasp. *Gandhi* may be as much a backward glance at the past of filmmaking as at that of India (where, incidentally, the past has a way of being scarcely distinguishable from the present); but the film has weight, intelligence, and an only slightly dishonest magnanimity going for it, as well as the occasional fortifying dollop of humor. As movies go these days, you could do colossally worse.

BERTRAND TAVERNIER'S *Coup de Torchon* (*Clean Slate*) is the exactly opposite kind of political—or even basic—filmmaking. Tavernier makes the most intensely personal movies: a large, hearty-eating man, he also devours all kinds of knowledge, especially from out-of-the-way books and from odd anecdotes, epigrams, quotations he gathers from everyone. Into his movies go these collected recollections, sometimes brilliantly bizarre and invigorating in the new context, sometimes merely an intellectual clutter in which story lines get lost. *Coup de Torchon* wallows in both the felicities and infelicities of this method.

Written in collaboration with Jean Aurenche, the 82-year-old *doyen* of French scenarists, the film is based on an American pop novel, Jim Thompson's *Pop. 1280*, about the Deep South of the Thirties. The film transposes this to French colonial Senegal in 1938, to a little invented town where the protagonist, Lucien Cordier, is the solitary law officer. He survives by acting weak: allowing his slatternly wife to carry on under his nose with Nono, her alleged brother; letting two pimps run rampant in their vicious pursuits; permitting Mercaillou, the nasty husband of his mistress, Rose, to beat her savagely in the streets; suffering a rich businessman to erect a stinking public privy right under his, Cordier's, own windows. Meanwhile a plague is decimating the black population, and the film begins with a superbly photographed (and faked) eclipse of the sun; already there is a bit too much symbolism for comfort.

Cordier's domestic and professional problems are funny and awful in an existentially gross yet elegantly written and filmed way, and the dialogue, especially above the subtitles, has the usual Tavernier dazzle. The characters exude a burlesque manginess, for which absurdity would be too grand a term. Cordier travels to the big city to consult Chavasson, his superior, about his problems; the fellow mocks and brutalizes him, but also tells him always to kick back twice as hard as he has been kicked. Like a holy fool, Cordier needs no more than this to go about suddenly, quietly, with just a little bit of droll speechifying, shooting the local varmints dead. As the executions are simple and summary, so the comic routines or lectures that accompany them have a galvanizing effect. There is an eerie, uncomfortable, *sui generis* humor afoot here.

Outwardly still playing the fool, Cordier develops a ruthless yet not quite untormented personality that even includes some vague Christ fantasies about himself. He has a wistful, platonic relationship with Anne, the pure, pretty new schoolteacher; with Rose, whose husband he dispatches, he now has even better, freer sex. Rose, perfectly played by Isabelle Huppert, is a joyously amoral creature, whose reveling in widowhood is as exhilarating as it is ethically equivocal; and there are also amusing incidents involving the military, the local priest, and that public privy.

But the canvas darkens not quite persuasively. Cordier sets up Rose as executioner to his wife and her lover (well played by Stéphane Audran and Eddy Mitchell), and the black humor curdles even more when an innocent native is killed for having witnessed the murder of Mercaillou; here Cordier's quasi-philosophical, proto-political rationalizing only makes the deed more depressing. But there is a wonderfully zany episode when the brother of the murdered brothel-keeper comes to avenge him (both men are superlatively played by Jean-Pierre Marielle); Cordier totally befuddles the avenger and sends him off to kill Chavasson, whom he has managed to incriminate. And there are other splendidly oddball episodes and incidents, such as a dialogue with a priest nailing an iron Christ to the third wooden cross, two previous ones having been eaten by termites.

Yet the gloom becomes overthick when Rose, too, is sent off into exile. Cordier is finally alone with his own soiled conscience and the untarnishable Anne; in the film's last, somewhat confusing, sequence, he teeters on the brink of quite senseless murder and suicide. France is hurtling into World War II, colonialism is doomed, but there is no satisfactory linking up of historical calamity with individual despair. Despite fine flashes, the film comes to nothing rather than to grand, nihilistic nothingness. Cordier is played by Tavernier's favorite actor and alter ego, Philippe Noiret, with grand hangdog self-irony and, later, merciless sarcasm. But the character, like the film, does not quite make sense, probably because the American pulp-novel base cannot carry the superstructure of all that sophisticated French existentialism and satire. Pierre William Glenn's cinematography and Alexandre Trauner's production design add further distinction, but the film finally sinks into an intellectual morass. Too bad. □

SOUND ON DISC

FIVE CONCERTOS, THREE VIOLINS

RALPH de TOLEDANO

It is the conventional wisdom that Mozart thought more in terms of the piano than of any other instrument. But the conventional wisdom forgets that he was also an accomplished violinist. After a concert tour, he could write his father, "I played as if I were the finest fiddler in Europe"—which perhaps he might have become. The violin is the most taxing of instruments, immediately and perilously responsive to touch and feeling, and calling for sensitivity even in the most bravura passages. When Mozart wrote for the violin, it

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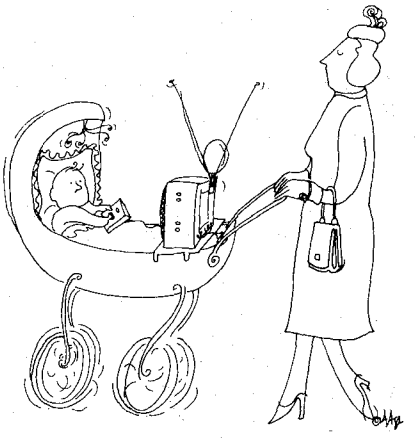
was as a violinist who had felt the strings beneath his fingers and the bow within his hand.

Having in my misspent youth held a violin and harboring the regret of having put it aside, I experience both a critical and a gut reaction to violin technique and to the sounds that emerge from that delicate yet muscular instrument. So it was with anticipation and apprehension that I put needle on vinyl to play a new recording of Mozart's No. 2 (K. 211) and No. 4 (K. 218). Riccardo Muti was conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Anne-Sophie Mutter as soloist. The first of these violin concertos is almost parsimoniously scored, the second far richer in texture—but both are top-drawer Mozart.

Of Muti I had expected that his reading would be clean, orderly, and in the tradition—which is what Mozart deserves but sometimes fails to get, even from a Toscanini—and I was right. Never having heard Anne-Sophie Mutter—*mea maxima culpa*—I was caught unaware. Seldom have I been so moved and captivated by a performance of Mozart. Not that Mutter's performance was perfection; there is no such thing in music. But this one-time *Wunderkind* and winner of many prizes has found the open sesame to these concertos. Tone, phrasing, and fidelity—the punctilio a Mozartean score demands—were there. But somehow Mutter has made a mystical marriage with the young Mozart. The inner sadnesses and caught emotions that he contained in the crucible of classical form sing out true and clear. With Mozart, the temptation is always to play it dry or to play it wet—but Mutter plays it superbly right, giving us one of the great recordings of our time (Angel, DS-37904).

WHEREVER Beethoven turned, with the exception of opera, he surpassed both the classical past and the romantic future. That he was a bridge between two musical eras is fact, but it does not explain his overarching genius. And it is interesting that he, too, could play the violin, though he was never in Mozart's class. Beethoven wrote one violin concerto, in D, whose tenure at the apogee of its category is now unchallenged. But it was not always so. When Franz Clement, the violin virtuoso of his day, introduced the Beethoven concerto, he interrupted it after the first movement to play one of his own compositions—a trifle on one string with the fiddle



held upside down! The critics of the time were annoyed at Clement, but only lukewarm to the Beethoven work.

I have heard the concerto in D many times, in concert and on recordings, and each time it gives me a little more. Why then a new recording? Can Isaac Stern's be excelled? Do we need Yehudi Menuhin to further enlighten us? The answer, of course, is yes. Every violinist puts the touch of his fingers and his bowing to the score. Each one has his own reading, depending on the depth of his musicianship. And each one is conditioned by the orchestra behind him. In the great Stern recording for Columbia, we have Leonard Bernstein conducting—and for me that is not paradise enow or at all. The new Menuhin recording offers the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra under Kurt Masur, who is far more attuned to Beethoven. Menuhin does not have the tonal richness of Stern, and his notes above the staff are sometimes thin. But in interpretation he matches Stern, and he has the advantage of quieter surfaces and more faithful recording (Angel, DS-37890).

Even as a *Wunderkind*—how many decades ago was it?—Menuhin impressed not only by the beauty of his playing but by his susceptibility to the music he played. Itzhak Perlman is something else again—a man of prodigious technique, musical *élan*, and a gigantic enjoyment of music. Asked once why there were so many great Jewish violinists, he answered, "Because our fingers are circumcised." When he plays the Trio Sonatas of the Bach sons and of the Goldberg from whom the elder Bach derived his Variations he is excellent (Angel, DS-37815). Baroque music does not require the subtleties or introspections of Mozart or Beethoven. He is excellent, too, in Prokofiev's knuckle-busting concertos in G and D, with Rozhdestvensky conducting the BBC Symphony (Angel, DS-37800).

When Perlman performed these concertos in London, the *Guardian* paid tribute to his "exuberance at solving the problems of violin technique" and added that "he found melody in even the thorniest of double-stopping." The *Guardian* also characterized the Prokofiev concerto in D as "one of the most warmly lyrical of twentieth century concertos." I find the compliment difficult to assay. The virtue of twentieth century music is not in its warmth.

Prokofiev wrote these concertos in 1917, just before he left revolutionary Russia, and in 1935, shortly before he returned from his exile and devoted himself to writing film scores (*Aleksandr Nevsky* was one) and patriotic war songs for Josef Stalin. In 1917, Prokofiev's style was astringent and sardonic, and his melodic line frequently gave the impression of late Italian opera, dissonant and off-key. By the mid-1930s, Prokofiev had mellowed, and he had stopped fighting his tremendous melodic impulse. On a first hearing of this recording, the major interest is in Perlman's handling of a score that would have defeated lesser violinists.

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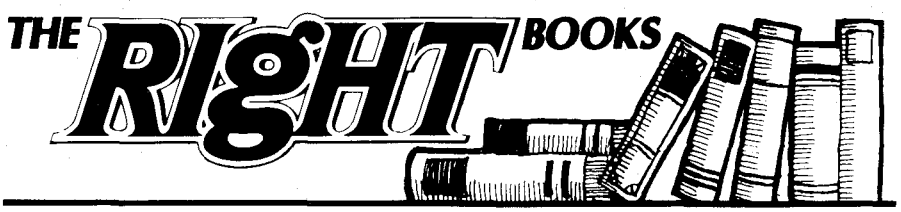

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN THE LATE Sixties and early Seventies the question of a perceived tendency on the part of Jewish college students toward radical and revolutionary politics was debated, rather skittishly by rabbis and college counselors, much more bravely and openly by writers like Nathan Glazer and Midge Decter. In those days critics and champions alike of "Jewish radicalism" took for granted an historical predisposition on the part of Western Jews toward the warmer end of the political spectrum. Then came the brunt of the Seventies—the Arab oil embargoes and, at home, "affirmative action" with its system of racial and ethnic quotas. Last year a very indignant book called *Jews without Mercy* administered a hard shellacking to Jews of the neo-conservative stripe for supposedly betraying Judaism's humanitarian impulse. It was clear from reading the book that the author sensed a powerful conservative tide moving beneath the American Jewish community at large, and deplored this.

W. D. Rubinstein, a professor at Deakin University in Victoria, Australia, confirms the notion of a Jewish slide into political conservatism, not only in America but in all Western countries. In *The Left, the Right, and the Jews* (Universe, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016; $18.20), Rubinstein argues that the notion that Jews have a "natural affinity" for left-wing politics is, of all the fallacies about them, "the biggest fallacy of all":

> The left-liberalism of many Western Jews is the product of a special set of historical circumstances which existed from about the third or fourth quarter of the nineteenth century to about the third quarter of the twentieth. Jews were not notable as revolutionaries or radicals until the time of Marx. . . . The radicalism of Western Jewry in the period 1850-1950 has been a specific response to political and social exclusion, to right-wing antisemitism and to the chronic poverty of the Pale and other ghettos. Other nations have included a majority who were chronically poor but those nations possessed a conservative faction more prominent and numerically greater than Western Jewry in this period. Probably the main reason for this has been the abnormal social structure of Jewry compared with all other settled peoples who possessed an aristocracy, a priesthood enjoying legal establishment, and an agricultural sector.

For Rubinstein the history of the Jews in Western countries between 1815 and 1973 conforms to a "four-stage model" of assimilation and acceptance. Only in the fourth stage—beginning around 1950—has Western Jewry "*as a whole* risen into the upper middle class, and the Jewish proletariat transformed itself into a near-universal Jewish bourgeoisie."

In short: not only are Jews strikingly over-represented in Western elites, but few of them lie very far below those estates. This has happened, Rubinstein says, "because capitalism is inegalitarian. . . . Capitalism makes irrelevant the two great problems faced by the Jews, their very small numbers and the persistence of antisemitism, by magnifying the Jewish presence at the elite . . . level and by permitting the Jews to establish centers of power."

COGNIZANT OF the power of their strategic position, appreciative of their hard-won status as establishmentarians, committed to the survival of Israel, which is both the symbol of victory and the promise of it, the Jews are chary of jeopardizing their successes—of which the Left, having no place in its heart for winners, would now despoil them. Therefore, Rubinstein claims, the mood of both Diaspora and Israeli Jews is one of pessimism: "Already the period of Jewish history between 1948 and 1973 seems to many as a lost golden age." In this respect Jewish liberalism of the Fifties and Jewish radicalism of the Sixties can be seen as universalist luxuries affordable only by a people at the dialectical zenith of its prestige. If we may believe Rubinstein's fascinating book, the ordeal between the Diaspora and the Christian West is over now. □

On a second playing, Prokofiev begins to emerge, and on a third you are deriving intellectual pleasure from what the composer is doing. You begin to realize that to Prokofiev the violin was a vehicle, not a voice. Perhaps a taste must be developed for Prokofiev, like a taste for Balinese gong music. But for me, the emotions are never involved as they are with, say, Stravinsky.

Forgive me, but I will stay with Mozart and Beethoven, with Mutter and Menuhin—or at least for now. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LORD ELGIN'S LADY, *by Theodore Vrettos (Houghton Mifflin, 363 pp., $11.95).* This is the story of a man and a woman driven by hubris and brought down by nemesis, and properly so, for it was the monomaniacal arrogance of Thomas Bruce, Seventh Earl of Elgin, that led him to rape the Parthenon of those marble carvings that now bear his name, and it was that action, his wife came to believe, that helped ruin his marriage and impoverish him. The whole story is here in this moving novel, rooted in history with no violation of the main facts. We see that moment in history through the eyes of Mary Nesbit, who at 19 married the 32-year-old laird and accompanied him to Turkey, where he was the Minister Plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majesty to the Sublime Porte. Whatever the rights and wrongs of it may be, this post gave him a firman to pretty much take what he wanted, and take it he did. The collection of Greek antiquities and particularly the Parthenon reliefs became an obsession with Elgin, and he had them torn from the temple, as disease rotted the nose from his face. As the obsession intensified and the nasal wound worsened, Mary Nesbit's devotion waned. The death of their fourth child in infancy while they were interned in Napoleon's France was a shattering blow to Mary, and her consolation came in the form of Robert Fergusson, a handsome scholar. A charge of adultery followed, a scandalous trial in Scotland, Elgin's impoverishment when the English government offered him half what the marbles had cost him. Nemesis brought him at the end to abject poverty in France. Melina Mercouri, who has been clamoring for the return of the Elgin Marbles to Greece, might well distribute this novel throughout Europe if it weren't more a story of love ruined by obsession.

HERBERT A. KENNY

THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM COOKBOOK, *by Faith Stewart-Gordon and Nika Hazelton*

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(Marek, 239 pp., $14.95). The Russian Tea Room is among the most venerable of New York institutions. It actually did begin as a tea room, where down-at-the-heels émigré counts and princes could hold court all day for the price of a glass of tea; for a while it was part nightclub, and Older Members still recall when it was slightly to the *right* of Carnegie Hall. Through all its permutations the Russian Tea Room has retained an unmistakable Russian character—in the ebullient decor (there are Christmas decorations all year round, and every square inch of wall space is covered with paintings) and in the food, which is emphatically not the Socialist Realist stuff you get in Russia today. Now, thanks to Nika Hazelton, the RTR's recipes are preserved against any future revolution. Chicken Kiev, for instance: as most cookbooks describe it and most restaurants serve it, it is simply a little croquettish-looking ball made with boneless breast of chicken. The Russian Tea Room's Chicken Kiev, however, retains part of the wing-bone, so that the construction looks like an unusually plump drumstick—more work, but much more fun. Given the Russians' love of *trompe-l'œil*, I have no doubt that this is the authentic version, and it really does work if you follow Mrs. Hazelton's instructions precisely. The other recipes I've tried also work perfectly (I had always wondered how the meat was prepared for the piroshki, the little meat pies to eat with soup or as a snack), and there are some charming anecdotes told by Mrs. Stewart-Gordon, who inherited the restaurant from her late husband. One caveat: the illustrations by Richard Giglio, while cleverly drawn (in the style of the RTR's advertising posters of a dozen years ago) and often quite helpful, sometimes give conflicting instructions to the ones in the text. In these cases one picture is not worth a thousand words.

LINDA BRIDGES

NOVAK

(Continued from page 259)

is closer to the constituency the Democratic hopefuls will be courting for the next year or so than to the nation at large. That raises problems for anybody who could tell a press conference here, as Glenn did, that "I see myself as somewhat centrist, I guess." In fact, Glenn is a liberal Democrat not greatly different from John F. Kennedy and to the left of Jimmy Carter on most issues; even so, he still seemed out of place here.

Whether Glenn can organize himself and his campaign to constitute a serious threat to Mondale is very much in question quite apart from ideology. Actually, the Sacramento cattle show posed problems for the Democratic Party transcending those of any one candidate.

Fritz Mondale is on the top of the heap at least temporarily, not merely because he has mastered an effective platform style and gotten a head start in organization, but because he can appeal to the constituent members of the Democratic coalition with such facility. However, in the absence of war or deep recession, that coalition is much better equipped to win presidential nominations than presidential elections.

The homosexual bloc is the most embarrassing new member of that coalition, but the nuclear-freeze movement will be far more troublesome in the long run. It turns presidential aspirants into real-life latter-day versions of Fred Van Ackerman, and prevents the party's nominees from talking about the menace posed by massive Soviet armaments. That is bad news not only for the Democratic Party but for the political dialogue over the next two years. □

OLSON

(Continued from page 252)

have been convinced. Britain's far-out Laborite Tony Benn wants to crack down on imports, and Canada's Pierre Trudeau crusades against foreign investment, but that's about it. On the free-trade side, meanwhile, one might start by calling the roll of the entire present-day economics profession, from Friedman and Hayek on down, and then proceed to statesmen of every stripe. Winston Churchill, for example: he thought free trade so important that in 1904 he actually switched political parties, as a sitting member of Parliament, over the issue.

Churchill's mentor on free trade, according to James Humes's 1980 biography, was the American orator and congressman Bourke Cockran, who had addressed the topic in a London speech in 1903. Cockran, in his characteristically rich rhetorical style, commended his audience on the open-door policy that Britain was pursuing at the time:

> Your free-trade system makes the whole industrial life of the world one vast scheme of cooperation for your benefit. At this moment, in every quarter of the globe, forces are at work to supply your necessities and improve your condition. As I speak men are tending flocks on Australian fields and shearing wool which will clothe you during the coming winter. On Western fields men are reaping grain to supply your daily bread. In mines deep underground, men are swinging pickaxes and shovels to wrest from the bosom of the earth the ores essential to the efficiency of your industry. Under tropical skies dusky hands are gathering from bending boughs luscious fruit, which, in a few days, will be offered for your consumption in the streets of London. Over shining rails locomotives are drawing trains; on heaving surges sailors are piloting barks; through the arid desert Arabs are guiding caravans, all charged with the fruit of industry to be placed here freely at your feet. You alone, among all the inhabitants of the earth, encourage this gracious tribute and enjoy its full benefit, for here alone it is received freely, without imposition, restriction, or tax, while everywhere else barriers are raised against it by stupidity and folly. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MAURICE CRANSTON:

[*What Ever Happened to*] *Liberalism?*

Ten years ago American liberals could speak of almost nothing but the sufferings of Cambodia under U.S. bombs. Cambodia's infinitely greater sufferings under different Communist regimes seem not to engage the American liberal's interest.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

OPEC: 1973-1982

On The Right

New York, Feb. 14—Good news is so rare one wonders why there aren't more parades when there is something to parade about. Last year inflation dropped below 4 per cent, but you would think it was a national secret. Andropov should tell Alger Hiss to blurt it out. At least then *The Nation* magazine would believe it.

Then there is a relatively recent development; I mean the shambling of OPEC. It could not have happened to nicer people. And when one thinks back on it . . . 1973-1982—ten years during which a few bureaucrats on whose subsoil the geological gods smiled during the Pleistocene Age or whenever, meeting in Geneva and telling the world what we were all going to pay for oil.

And it worked. Oil that had sold for $2 per barrel was for a while fetching more than twenty times that much on the spot market. The lesson for today is that all the king's political horses and all the king's men managed to accomplish exactly nothing. We built a huge Department of Energy (which why doesn't somebody do away with it?); we talked about synfuels and sunspots. We took only two decisive political steps. We put the brakes on nuclear power, which prolonged the agony and continues to do so. And we decontrolled oil —which reduced consumption and raised production.

What then happened was that the free market came to the rescue. If I were a free market, I think I would go on a long pout and stop coming to the rescue of the world, so fed up would I be by the way the ideologues speak about me. But no matter how often the free market is denounced, it comes along and provides. In this case, the erosion of the monopoly-pricing of oil.

Mexico was not the aggressor in the matter of hopped-up oil prices. In fact, the originator of the cutting edge of OPEC was our old friend the Shah of Iran. But soon the lead was taken by the Saudis and their epigones. They didn't hold their ranks, however, and when the Iran-Iraq war ends, another war, only of the kind that benefits consumers, will take place.

Although Mexico, as noted, was not the aggressor, it rode happily on the coattails of OPEC. And now the news is that for every dollar reduction in the international price of oil, Mexico stands to lose $500 million. On the other hand, statisticians are calculating that for every percentage-point drop in interest rates, Mexico will be relieved of $700 million in obligations. Back only a few years ago, everyone was telling us—Democratic politicians and CBS commentators (if there is a difference between them)—that the reason for inflation was the high price of oil. Well, we will see now whether we can trace a logical reversal. Will interest rates come down, and also inflation?

The principal beneficiaries, obviously, are those countries that do not export significant quantities of oil, but borrow lots of money. Brazil is probably foremost among these. The posted price of oil is still $34, but there are people out there talking about $20 oil around the corner. This upsets the plans of a lot of drillers. But the consumer had been paying for the OPEC spree, and there is cause for rejoicing.

A suggestion. Since taxation is on everyone's mind, there is one tax that commends itself for other than the usual reasons, these being to finance government extravagance. A tax on imported oil right now would help tear OPEC apart, which is in the international interest. And would not be so keenly felt by the American public, in that its effect would be simply to absorb some of the downturn in the price of oil. There would also be marginal benefit in that our strategic reserves would be discreetly attended to. Since the United States Government does not need to tax itself, it could take advantage of the glut to fill our reserves for the six-month level we have been talking about for ten years: to ensure that we can cope with future economic aggression by cartels. The lesson is: When there is a shortage, conserve against it by getting government regulations out of the way. The time is ripe for a little shrewd activity around the corpse of OPEC, now that we don't have it kicking us around any more. □

PUBLIC RELATIONS? *New York*, Feb. 7—Mr. Denis Healey, who is the foreign-affairs spokesman for the British Labor Party, has greeted Mr. Reagan's invitation to Mr. Andropov critically. What he said was, "I'm afraid it is basically public relations, and it's not very good public relations." Very interesting. And, at this writing, it is advertised that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is going to turn down Mr. Reagan's nominee, Kenneth Adelman, for Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Why? To quote Senator John Glenn, because the designee for that position "should be the advocate for arms control within the Administration."

The two statements bear analysis, communicating as unhappily as they do that absence of thought that bedevils the whole business of arms control.

Now in the first place, it can be said of all politics that it is a matter of public relations. It is difficult to understand how a country's leaders are expected to merchandise a proposal without "public relations." In the case of the example before the house, you have people in Europe, and people in America, who are constantly fed by the Soviet Union a formula that is one part sycophantic ("We would do anything for peace and

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freedom for the common man"), one part intimidatory ("Have you lately looked at our nuclear reserves?").

Now this is hoary stuff, absolutely conventional. When John J. McCloy, Kennedy's advisor on disarmament, traveled to the Black Sea to talk with Khrushchev during the Berlin crisis of 1961, Khrushchev went metronomically from towering rages in which he predicted that "all of America's European allies would be completely destroyed . . . by thermonuclear means" to assertions that the Soviets and Americans were "both great peoples and should be friends . . . there was really nothing to go to war about if both sides showed reasonableness." Some will recall that what Khrushchev was threatening was an end to the freedom of West Berlin. President Kennedy decided he should not have that authority over West German freedom, and lo and behold the West Germans—and Europe—survived. But Khrushchev was not talking to McCloy intending McCloy to keep secret that conversation. He was talking to the people over the heads of their leaders, as Lenin once described the technique.

So is Reagan. What he said to Europe last week through Vice President Bush was: We are deadly serious in our desire to minimize, not to augment, the dangers of nuclear war within Europe. For that reason, if the Soviet Union will withdraw its nuclear weapons in the area, we will forbear to deploy our own. Moreover, to underline my willingness to do all this, I stand ready to meet with Mr. Andropov anywhere in the world at any time to sign the relevant documents.

PUBLIC RELATIONS? Yes. So is it public relations when the foreign-affairs spokesman for the Labor Party criticizes something that is said merely because the sayer of it is an American Republican President smart enough to disdain socialism. As to whether it is good public relations, why that depends on whether Europe is still as determined to remain free as it was during the Berlin crisis: which is to say, more determined than during the Thirties, when Hitler was virtually invited to walk all over Europe, and Mr. Churchill said to America, "Give us the tools and we will do the job," which was a great act of public relations.

On the domestic front, Senator Glenn is saying things he cannot have thought through. What does it mean that Mr. Reagan's representative at the arms-control sessions should be "the" advocate of arms control? In the first place, the representative should reflect the priorities of the President of the United States, and those priorities, backed by the overwhelming majority of the American people, are 1) to defend Europe and ourselves; 2) to reduce arms. To be "the" advocate of arms control suggests that Mr. Glenn would like to send to Geneva someone whose priorities were reversed, preferring disarmament to security.

One learns that Mr. Adelman, when he appeared before the committee, said twenty times that he did not know the specific answer to one or another question. That ought not, really, to surprise. Arms-control talk is a highly technical subject, like astronauting. It is unlikely that Senator Glenn would consider disqualified from useful service to our space program someone who began by being unfamiliar with the switchboard of a Titan rocket launcher. Good and bright men are good and bright men, and can learn the tables. What they must know, going in, are the priorities. Glenn's was to orbit the earth; Reagan's, to secure Europe. □

NO TRESPASSING

New York, Feb. 11 —There is spirited argument going on over the question whether in saying, as he recently did, that "government is not the solution to our problem," Mr. Reagan was uttering "conservative" thoughts. The latest entry is Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who has never been content to permit conservatives to do their own thinking in these matters, and now writes in the *Wall Street Journal* that the denigration of government is not legitimate conservative thought.

He begins with a chestnut about defense. If you are 12 years old and have outgrown and forgotten it, it goes, "How come you are for limited government, but you want the government to spend billions on defense?" The answer to that question is mastered somewhere between the first and second grades at school. It goes, "Because the defense of the nation is the responsibility of the government."

Mr. Schlesinger then demonstrates the acrobatic lengths to which people can go in pursuit of easy victories. "[Reagan] systematically uses tax and budget policy to redistribute income to the end that, as Kenneth H. Bacon recently wrote, 'the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer.'" It presumably has never occurred to Mr. Schlesinger, or to Mr. Bacon, that the rich aren't being created by the government. They are created by the people who patronize them. Mick Jagger's wealth is not the result of a government grant. And people who pay $10 to hear him are poorer by $10, richer by more than $10 in their estimation; which is the only estimation that counts.

"The 'government is the problem' line simply does not correspond to the realities of everyday existence," Mr. Schlesinger intones. "Is it not time for us to outgrow this addiction to cliché and get down to the serious business of tackling our difficulties?" Well, one of the clichés we should get rid of is that because something is a cliché it ceases to be true. There are many human problems that are not caused by government, nor are responsive to government therapy. Loneliness, for instance; emotional privation; cancer. But the great problems of mankind of the sort that are preternatural are precisely the doing of governments. I can't think of any American who would feel threatened by 267 million individual Russians. It is their government that constitutes the threat. The disease of inflation is exclusively the doing of government. Mr. Schlesinger talked about the need to look after the economic "infrastructure" (speaking of clichés). Perhaps government has to finance the building or rebuilding of bridges. But subways? They are—in New York, for instance—a most fearful mess. And the responsibility of government in creating that mess is decisive.

THAT IS the point the friends of government are so reluctant to see. Along with the point stressed so successfully by Milton Friedman, namely that when the government sets out to effect social change, it generally botches its assignment. Six per cent of black teenagers were unemployed in 1945, when the minimum wage was meaningless. That figure forty years later, after concentrated welfare interventions by government, is 45 per cent. The analysis of the finest political thinker alive, Britain's Michael Oakeshott, has never been improved on. "To some people," he wrote in *Rationalism in Politics*, "'government' appears as a vast reservoir of power which inspires them to dream of what uses might be made of it. They have favorite projects, of various dimensions, which they sincerely believe are for the benefit of mankind. . . . They are thus disposed to recognize government as an instrument of passion; the art of politics is to inflame and to direct desire." But, Oakeshott warns, "the conjunction of dreaming and ruling generates tyranny." When John Adams wrote that government tends to turn "every contingency into an excuse for enhancing power in government" he wrote words conservatives prudently heed. So, Mr. Schlesinger, guard the frontiers of the Vital Center, and permit us, kindly, our own, sublime oasis. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Spoils — 12 2 72 19 119

B. Thomas Gray's most famous poem — 30 123 96 175 106

C. A town near Manila — 59 82 42 121 136

D. An important repast — 165 56 52 160 62 124 157 130 16

E. An observance in the Eternal City — 83 85 87 107 40 120 135 20 46 79 / 25 117

F. A character in the Epistle to Philemon — 103 133 97 140 174 9 166 155

G. A kind of hay — 108 154 3 141 7 17 150

H. A book of the New Testament — 109 4 22 139 156 45 144

I. A contrary or circular current — 10 27 38 53

J. A book of the New Testament — 128 32 51 63 36 77 113 125 137 161

K. Tall and thin — 143 18 73 68 159

L. A town in Fountain County, Ind. — 149 69 127 162 146

M. A place for washing clothes; the clothes — 173 21 5 84 168 147 74

N. The Sooner State — 8 98 48 28 176 54 64 93

O. A Revolutionary War shrine — 34 37 47 80 88 14 86 90 24 49 / 57

P. Stared at — 39 65 110 116

Q. The smallest administrative unit in many countries — 1 75 94 163 70 115 129

R. A campaign in the Pacific part of World War II — 23 152 171 170 61 104 111

S. A town on the Meuse River, Belgium — 26 99 95 76 29

T. A region in Greece — 60 31 81 172 158 114 102 66

U. *In an unbiased* manner — 92 6 43 44 145 89 15 112 118 126 / 131 13 35

V. A flower — 100 11 58 134 138 91 177 50 55 148

W. ONLY A DUEL (anagram) — 132 78 33 105 122 151 164 169 101

X. A Phoenician princess carried off by Zeus — 153 142 167 67 71 41

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes *indicating the ends of words*); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 274 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

Note: For this puzzle only, the initial letters under "Definitions" will spell out a verse of Scripture.

■	■	■	1 Q	2 A	3 G	4 H	■	5 M	6 U	7 G	8 N	■	9 F	10 I	■	11 V	12 A
13 U	■	14 O	15 U	■	16 D	17 G	18 K	19 A	■	20 E	21 M	22 H	23 R	24 O	■	25 E	26 S
27 I	■	28 N	29 S	30 B	■	31 T	32 J	33 W	34 O	35 U	■	36 J	37 O	38 I	39 P	40 E	■
41 X	42 C	43 U	■	44 U	■	45 H	46 E	47 O	48 N	■	49 O	50 V	51 J	52 D	■	53 I	54 N
55 V	■	56 D	57 O	58 V	59 C	■	60 T	61 R	62 D	63 J	■	64 N	65 P	■	66 T	67 X	68 K
69 L	■	70 Q	71 X	72 A	73 K	■	74 M	75 Q	76 S	■	77 J	78 W	79 E	■	80 O	81 T	82 C
83 E	84 M	■	85 E	86 O	■	87 E	88 O	■	89 U	90 O	91 V	■	92 U	■	93 N	94 Q	■
95 S	96 B	97 F	98 N	■	99 S	100V	101W	■	102T	103F	104R	105W	106B	■	107E	108G	■
109H	110P	111R	112U	113J	■	114T	115Q	116P	■	117E	118U	■	119A	120E	121C	122W	123B
■	124D	125J	126U	127L	■	128J	129Q	130D	131U	■	132W	133F	134V	135E	■	136C	137J
138V	139H	■	140F	141G	142X	143K	144H	■	145U	146L	147M	■	148V	149L	■	150G	151W
152R	153X	■	154G	155F	■	156H	157D	158T	159K	■	160D	161J	162L	■	163Q	164W	■
165D	166F	167X	168M	169W	170R	■	171R	172T	■	173M	174F	175B	176N	177V	■	■	■

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